# MACLEAN'S

MARCH 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE TEN CENTS

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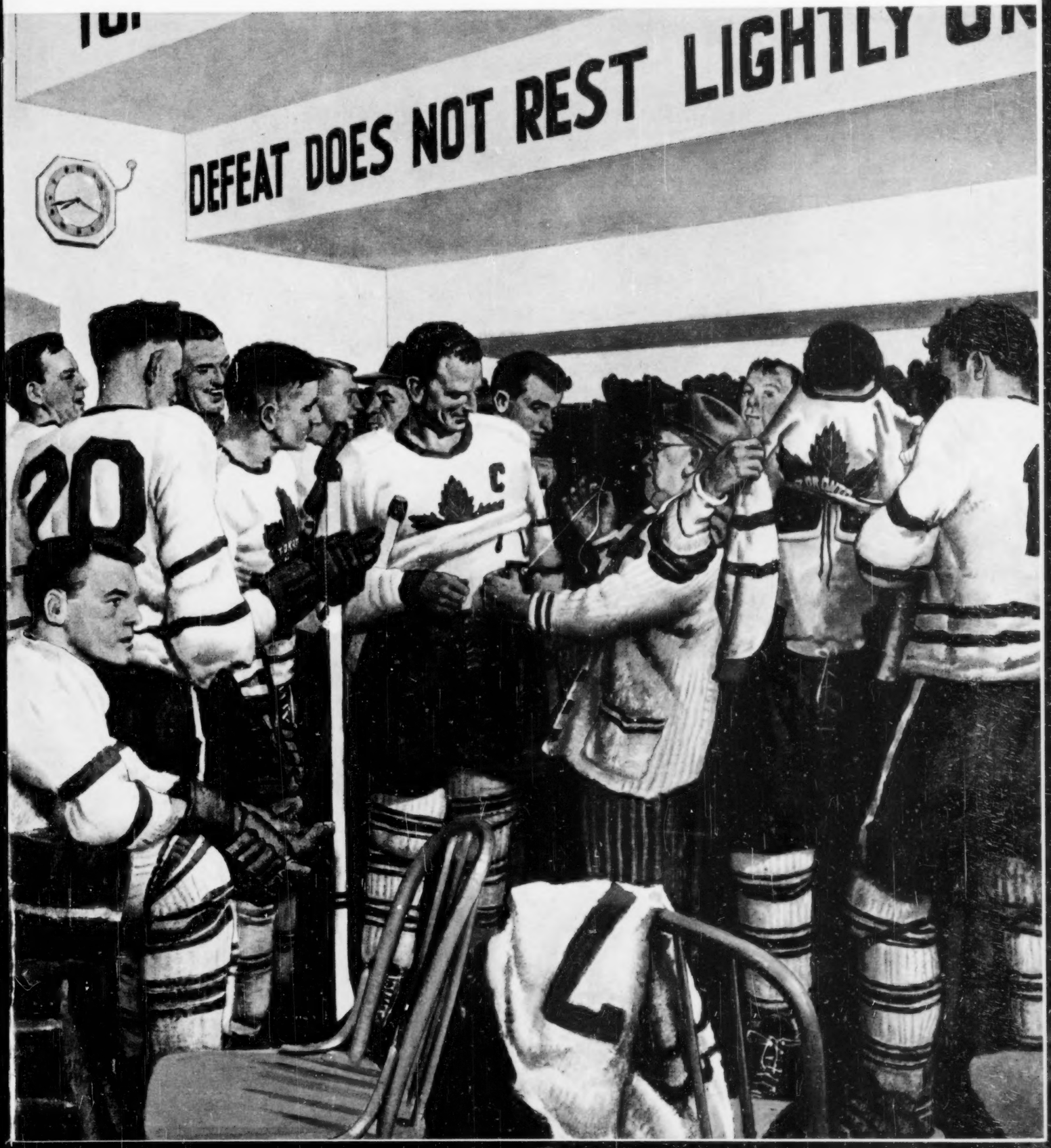
By Blair Fraser

*How To Save On Your Income Tax*

**TIM BUCK** BY RALPH ALLEN



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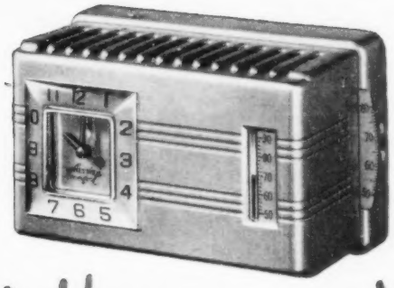

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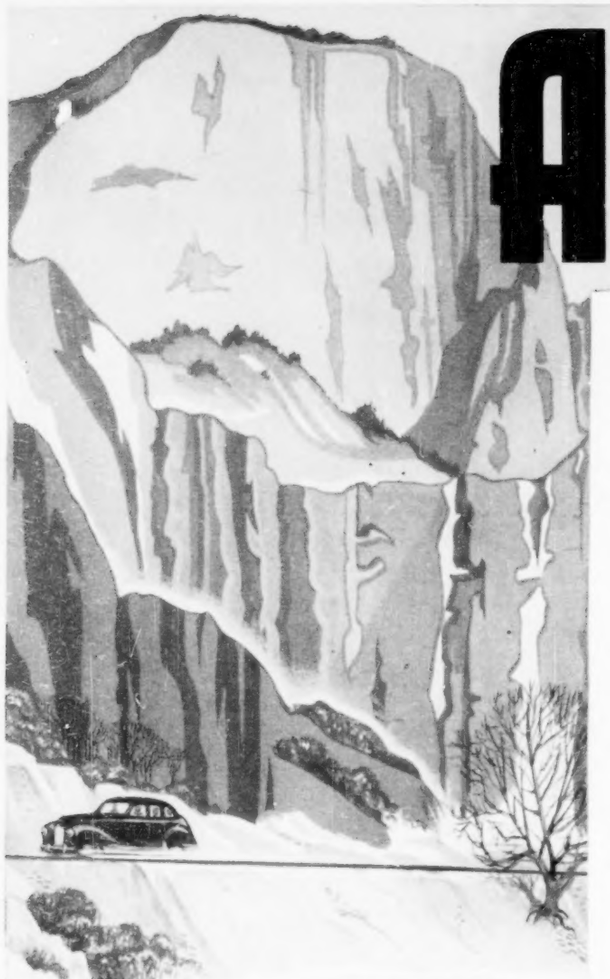

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## EDITORIAL

# No Thanks for the Man With the Toughest Job

AS THE current parliamentary session opened we couldn't help pondering, wistfully and perhaps foolishly, on the lack of a National Politician's Day.

Within the next few months there will be few vocations, institutions or commodities whose place in society is so modest that they will escape some form of public recognition. National Kraut and Frankfurter Week and National Peanut Week are behind us, but Honey for Breakfast Week (Mar. 25-31), National Doughnut Week (April 7-14), National Pickle Week (May 18-27) and National Bow Tie Week (June 10-17) lie not far ahead. As the year fulfills its course, there will be Days for boy scouts, girl guides, fathers, mothers and straw hats (May 15).

We object to none of these festivals. It does seem mildly anomalous, though, that when the Pickle is having its Week all pickles, good and bad, will be paid equal and unstinting homage; and on Father's Day all fathers, including the most arrant and palpable bums, will be objects of universal veneration. During these periods, or any other period, no blanket honors will fall on the men and women who have assumed the frightening job of trying to get 14 million Canadians through the next year alive, solvent and at least tolerably free. Far from offering them any special show of gratitude, most of their countrymen will feel obliged to persuade the nation's politicians that they are engaged in an unnecessarily privileged and rather doubtful trade and ought to consider themselves lucky if they're not run out of office on a rail.

Suspicion of the politician is as old as politics itself. Of all the things that have been said about politicians and considered memorable enough to find a place in Bartlett, only one could possibly be construed as a compliment. The typical comments range from Shakespeare's: "A politician . . . one that would circumvent God!" to Artemus Ward's: "I am not a politician and my other habits are good."

There is something to be said for this almost universal tendency to turn a cynical eye on the politician and all his works and utterances. Almost without exception, the nations which have gone to the other extreme have invited their own destruction. From excessive devotion to a leader or a group of leaders it is only a short step to acceptance of the *Führer* principle. From there it's a shorter step to dictatorship.

All the same, we can't help regretting that government—which has become the most important, underpaid and outrageously difficult of all jobs—is the one job in which it is automatically assumed that almost anyone undertaking it will undertake it only for questionable motives and will probably discharge it badly. In time, through the force of special accomplishment, many politicians do succeed in winning honor and gratitude for themselves. They win it as individuals, not as members of a profession, and their profession is seldom vouchsafed a share in their honors. Almost any occupation to which a Canadian can turn carries with it a certain measure of built-in prestige. The one notable exception, besides those trades which lie outside the law, is that of elective public service.

We cannot presume to guess how much wisdom, how much courage and how much selfless passion for the common interest of Canadians were concentrated on Parliament Hill when the House of Commons reconvened last month. We did have a reassuring feeling that the amount, although perhaps not all it should be, is very considerable. Coupled with this was a sense of guilt that while expecting prodigies of wisdom, courage and selflessness from our public men and women, we the people seldom bother to offer them even the perfunctory thanks we offer the man who comes to carry out the ashes.




## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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# GOOD DENTAL HEALTH

Dental authorities estimate that 98 per cent of our population suffer from some degree of tooth decay. Furthermore, dentists agree that the condition of the teeth and gums often has a direct effect upon general physical condition.

This is because the teeth are connected to other parts of the body through blood vessels, nerves, and tissues. Thus, infection in the teeth, if not checked, may spread throughout the system.

The maintenance of good dental health may help to prevent loss of teeth, and also to keep all-around health at a high level. Below are some safeguards most dentists recommend to help protect teeth and gums.

**Protect the first teeth**

By keeping the child's first teeth clean and free of decay, there is less likelihood of losing them prematurely and a better chance that permanent teeth will develop normally.

Authorities recommend periodic examinations beginning at age three. Sodium fluoride treatments, which help teeth resist decay, may also be given by your dentist.

**Guard against teen-age decay**

It is estimated that 95 out of every 100 high school children have some tooth decay. During teen years, teeth seem to be especially susceptible to cavities and eating too many sweets may contribute further to this condition.

Proper diet and regular dental care during these years may help to assure good dental and physical health throughout life.

**Eat enough tooth-building foods**

A diet rich in vitamins and minerals is one of the most important factors in building and maintaining sound teeth at all ages.

These elements are supplied by milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruits, bread and cereals, and fish liver oils. In addition, vigorous chewing of tough, crisp foods helps keep teeth and gums healthy.

**Keep the teeth clean**

The acids which cause decay are formed in the mouth soon after eating. Thus, to get the full benefit of the toothbrush, it should be used *after meals and especially before retiring.*

The dentist will be glad to advise you about the proper methods of keeping teeth clean.

**Help protect the gums**

Gum diseases affect about 80 per cent of the adult population. Frequently, such conditions are brought on by deposits of tartar which irritate the gums, and the infection may spread to other parts of the body.

By having the dentist treat infected gums early, it is usually possible to cure them and to prevent the spread of infection.

**Visit the dentist regularly**

Today, modern dental science has developed new measures to combat decay and has introduced improved methods to help control pain and infection.

Periodic visits to the dentist for cleansings, examinations, and necessary treatment are the best safeguards against serious conditions which may affect the teeth and the mouth.

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A LETTER FROM MID-ATLANTIC

**By Beverley Baxter**

# GOOD NEWS FROM A TRAVELER

THE Queen Mary is rolling her way home through an ill-tempered slate-grey sea and a drizzling mist that lingers like a tedious guest. Many passengers find themselves mysteriously fatigued today and intend to remain in their cabins. Others are sitting in their deck chairs gazing earnestly at a book but never seem to turn the page. A few boisterous fellows are walking the deck and even smoking pipes.

In fact I almost expect to hear these tough *voyageurs* burst into the old chorus:

Soon we'll be in London Town,
Sing my lads, yo-ho;
And see the King in a golden crown,
Sing my lads, yo-ho.

A white-faced woman has just remembered she left something in her state cabin. It is going to be a close thing.

Once more I am returning to London after dipping myself in the Ganges of the New World. It has been a bewildering trip in the multiplicity of impressions crowded into so short a space of time. While I am still old-fashioned enough to enjoy crossing the Atlantic in a ship I must admit that the airplane has supplied a magic carpet that makes a fool of time and distance, but crowds the mind with more than it can absorb.

Thus I have been able to visit Jamaica, the Bahamas, Florida, New York and Toronto as if they were outlying suburbs instead of far-flung territories.

What then has been the chief impression of this six weeks' tour of the Atlantic and the Caribbean? I hope you will not consider my answer frivolous because I do not mean it to be, but my chief impression of this visit is the extraordinary number of nice people there are in the world.

Humanity is in the grip of fear and hate. Science is bending its genius to the creation of bigger and better weapons of human destruction. The Four Horsemen ride once more and the earth is waiting to be one vast grave again. Yet in every country in the world there are friendly, kindly people who desire nothing more than to live and laugh and work and love . . . It is enough to bring tears to the heart.

Perhaps we have something to learn from the natives of Jamaica in spite of the backwardness of their social and political development. One cannot defend the deplorable rate of illegitimacy and illiteracy, nor is it good for the natives or the reputation of the British Empire that black boys pester visitors by begging. But if you can put these things aside there is a gentleness and natural graciousness about these dark children of the sun that is quite enchanting.

There hardly seems a tree in all Jamaica that does not bear some kind of fruit. No battle is fought against nature for survival—the sun, the sea and the good earth nourish and keep you. No wonder the natives sing all day and most of the night. Their songs lack variety, and the only musical instrument is the guitar, but I never grew tired of those lazy voices and their haunting songs.

I was staying with Lord Beaverbrook at his home in Montego Bay and usually at dusk we would go for a walk. He is a great favorite with the natives who address him as "Lord" or "His Lordship" and hugely enjoy doing so. In fact we would frequently find ourselves joined by two or three natives who walked with us, laughed at our jokes but took no part in the conversation. When the Beaver would make some remark to them they would reply: "Yes, His Lordship" or "Yes, Lord," then smile at their own social achievement.

The young women walk like goddesses, for they carry anything from heavy baskets *Continued on page 38*

## BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

# *A Plug to Stop Spilt Milk*

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

FOR the second time in six months Progressive Conservative headquarters in Ottawa has had to muzzle its Quebec organization. Same reason in each case: to prevent rabid isolationists from speaking to Canadien listeners in the party's name.

Ottawa PCs have now taken over CBC political broadcasts in French as well as in English. Until lately the French had been handled in Montreal where the CBC's French network is centred. Ottawa PCs weren't consulted at all. Then, one Tuesday evening on the program "The Nation's Business," the time on the French network was allotted to one Georges Valade, secretary of the Federation of Young Conservatives of the Montreal district.

John Diefenbaker, the able MP from Saskatchewan, had the English network that evening and made an excellent speech which won acclaim from Liberals and Conservatives alike. It was an appeal for international solidarity, for aid to nations in need ($50 millions from Canada to the Colombo Plan), above all for instant action to build up Canada's armed strength so that we may do our full share in fighting Communist imperialism.

"Canadians cannot enjoy privileges without responsibilities," John Diefenbaker said. "We must do our part to stem and contain Communism in whatever strategic part of the world it may strike. If Communism succeeds anywhere, however far removed, we will sooner or later ourselves be marked as the next victim. Then it may be too late, unless Canadians become aroused to the need of action now . . .

"All should know now that time is of the essence, if freedom is to be preserved . . . Political considerations have no place when freedom is in danger. We of the Progressive Conservative Party, from our leader down, intend now, as in the past, to follow a non-partisan course in international affairs . . . by giving support when forthright measures are being taken to the end that Canada be made safe."

Brave words, sincerely meant. Unhappily, at the same hour and minute, young Georges Valade was broadcasting in French.

"Last June, when unemployment began to cast its alarming shadow over the Canadian people," said the Young Conservative secretary, "the Liberal Government found a nefarious pretext to solve that problem . . . Canadian soldiers would be sent to die in Korea; our country would prepare for war, and the problem would be solved . . .

"Mr. St. Laurent is leading us to war and conscription, to even more unbearable taxes, and finally to national and total economic bankruptcy." He then went on to a stirring appeal to "join the Conservative Party."

John Diefenbaker mentioned the recent meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London: "I trust that out of that meeting will come a greater unity in international policy . . . A co-ordinated Commonwealth defense system should be arrived at, in conjunction with the U. S., whereby there would be integration of our manpower and resources."

Georges Valade mentioned the Commonwealth conference too, but his reaction *Continued on page 63*

A young Tory blurted the wrong thing at the wrong time.

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# THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE BUCK

By RALPH ALLEN

IF CANADA should fight and lose a war against Soviet Russia within the next 10 years, the leading aspirant to the job of Canada's first dictator will be a small, bland, blue-eyed man who likes dogs, children, carnations and the poetry of Shelley. His disarming appearance and disarming tastes are not Tim Buck's strongest characteristics. But without some understanding of his power to sheath himself in innocence it is impossible to understand Buck's extraordinary career as the leader, for 21 years, of Canada's 12,000 Communists and their 40 to 50 thousand fellow travelers.

During most of those 21 years Buck has lived with his wife, two sons and a daughter, all now grown, in a small six-room brick house at 54 Delaney Crescent in the western part of downtown Toronto. His official place of work is a small suite of offices in the heart of the city's business district. Normally he can be seen at either place, although there have been eight lengthy periods when he has been accessible at neither—once, in the early 1930's, when he served three years in Kingston penitentiary for preaching the forcible overthrow of the Canadian government; once, in the early 1940's, when he went underground to circulate propaganda against Canada's participation in the Second World War; six times for trips to the fountainhead of Communism at Moscow.

In the intervals between these comings and goings there is little in his demeanor or his habits to suggest the life work and the lifetime hopes of the householder at 54 Delaney Crescent. On the whole street it would be difficult to find another man who looks less capable of or interested in promoting the world revolution of Karl Marx or the replacement of his own country's social order by a Soviet-style dictatorship.

Buck, at 60, looks a healthy, well-adjusted 50. His face, broad and pleasant beneath a round forehead and a receding pale-brown hairline, bears a slight scar on one cheek and a slight flatness around the nose, the result of an old industrial accident. He carries his 5 foot 7 inch, 150-lb body buoyantly and when, as he does several times a month, he walks across a platform to make a speech, he resembles nothing so much as an old featherweight boxer who knew enough to quit while the quitting was good.

He dresses neither well nor badly, usually in a blue or grey suit with a tie in one of the quieter shades of off-red. Except on formal occasions he seldom uses the word "Comrade." Like any ageing office gallant he frequently greets the prettier receptionists and stenographers at Party headquarters with an arch: "Good morning, sweetheart." He enjoys sitting up with the boys and a bottle. Although the Party provides traveling and incidental expenses on his numerous out-of-town trips, the salary it pays him, which has been his only income for a quarter of a century, has never exceeded $55 a week.

His most implacable enemy could scarcely deny that he earns it. For thousands of cleverer men than Buck, the service of Communism has led only to death, to jail,

**Tim Buck's tempestuous 21 years as leader of Canada's Communists have been filled with incredible paradox. He has wooed his worst enemies and destroyed his best friends. He has been jailed for plotting to overthrow his country, then seen his country repeal the law which jailed him. He fled in a time of war to undermine the nation's will to fight, then returned to a hero's welcome. He now preaches peace while working for the same old revolution**

A plaque of Lenin dominates a Toronto meeting in 1925 attended by William Moriarity (left), Buck, Jack MacDonald and Maurice Spector. Buck became leader of the Canadian Communist Party when his bosses, MacDonald and Spector, were expelled in 1929.

to disillusionment, or to the larger, lonelier abyss of repudiation by a cause in which they still believe. To any full-time Communist below the rank of Joseph Stalin the danger of destruction from inside the Party is more fearful and insistent than the danger of destruction from outside.

Buck is one of the few old pros of the movement who has consistently withstood this danger, and today, next to Stalin himself, he has a longer record of unbroken command than the leader of any other national Communist Party. At least twice he has saved his own career by retrieving glaring though accidental fumbles with the party line. These escapes from disaster have been aided by his conspicuous willingness to assist in the destruction of comrades less lucky or less quick on their feet.

The prominent victims include Maurice Spector and Jack MacDonald, who helped him form the Canadian party in 1921 and over whose wrecked careers Buck climbed nine years later to his present position as national secretary. Another was Earl Browder, who as leader of the U. S. party was Buck's acknowledged idol and mentor before he made a historic error which Buck first imitated and then overcame by helping to drum Browder out of the movement.

The task of making himself acceptable to Canada has been slightly less hazardous than the task of making himself acceptable to Moscow, although it has not been simple. In this, his greatest asset has been an inspired ability to persuade others that his words and actions do not necessarily mean what they seem to mean. During the 41 years since he left his native England and came to Canada as a 19-year-old machinist, it is true that he has not always succeeded. His penitentiary term in 1931 followed a series of disclosures so lucid and specific that a jury found it impossible to misunderstand his and the Party's intentions.

The Party was declared illegal and so remained for five years. It was reinstated in 1936 and then outlawed again in 1940, when Buck and other Party propagandists were urging Canadian soldiers to throw down their arms, or better still, to turn them inward on Canada itself.

But inconveniences such as these have not seriously impaired the Party's ability to carry on. It now functions openly and lawfully under the name of the Labor Progressive Party with Buck as its head, Communism its acknowledged dynamic and its policy line an exact duplicate of whatever policy line is being currently pursued by Russia.

Buck himself seems to gain in strength and influence in direct proportion to the apparent magnitude of his personal reverses. Long before his 1931 prison sentence was over, for instance, he helped persuade the nation whose destruction he had advocated not merely to release him from jail but to repeal the law under which he had been jailed. When, in 1942, he emerged from hiding after his unsuccessful attempt to get Canada out of the war, he was greeted almost as a national hero.

Today, as he rallies them to the side of their nation's enemy in the sweet name of peace, it is not only to his comrades that Buck sometimes succeeds in appearing as a harmless reformer much put upon by a foolish world. For every acknowledged Communist who has supported the ban-the-bomb petitions of the Communist-controlled Canadian Peace Council, at least a dozen non-Communists have put their names to this strongest of Russian propaganda weapons.

## Wild Words Become Action

Buck was born 60 years ago in Beccles, a small East Anglian town near the Woolwich arsenal. His father was a hereditary Tory who remained a Tory even after his business, a pub that had been in the family for generations, went into bankruptcy and forced him to go to work as a laborer at half a crown a day. Tim became an apprentice machinist before his 12th birthday. He first saw the vision of the world revolution when, as a 16-year-old delegate to a convention of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, he met the pioneer British trade unionist, Keir Hardie. By the time he came to Canada, in May, 1910, he was a Marxist. It was not until 10 years later, however, that he was ready to make Marxism his whole life. In the meantime he had married Alice Ayers, a childhood friend who came to Toronto three years after he did.

Buck was present at the founding of the Communist Party of Canada. The event took place secretly in a barn near Guelph, Ontario, in May, 1921, and the Party attempted to keep it a secret for three more years. There was good reason. In Russia the Bolsheviks had finished tidying up the counter-revolution. The capitalist world gazed stunned and frightened on the evidence that the wild words of Communism could be and had been translated into direct, successful action.

The violent and crippling Winnipeg General Strike of 1919 had been followed by the insertion in Canada's Criminal Code of the famous Section 98, designed in fact, if not in word, to make Communism unlawful. The United States was just recovering from the red scare of 1919 and 1920 and the ensuing Palmer raids in which the attorney-general's department investigated genuine radicals and parlor pinks by the thousand.

Even had the climate been much friendlier than it was, it is questionable whether the men who attended that charter meeting of the Communist Party of Canada would have considered it wise to advertise the details. The guiding spirits of the meeting were three organizers sent from Moscow by the Communist International. The senior member of the delegation was a Latvian who was known here only under the name of Charles Scott. Scott had brought $3,000 with him from Moscow to finance the launching.

The Party's aims were as frank as they were specific. Before being admitted to the Communist International, Field Organizer Scott explained, it would be necessary to submit absolutely to the direction of the Comintern and to abide by its Theses and Statutes. These conditions were accepted. One excerpt read:

"The Communist International makes its aims to put up an armed struggle for the overthrow of the international bourgeoisie and to create an international Soviet Republic as a transition stage to the complete abolition of the state."

In another passage the goal of the new party

was spelled out more carefully: "Violent defeat of the bourgeoisie, the confiscation of its property, the annihilation of the entire bourgeois governmental apparatus, parliamentary, judicial, military, bureaucratic, administrative, municipal."

Far from deceiving themselves that this program was within the law, the Party's charter members agreed they were outside the law. They solved the difficulty by forming two organizations—one a surface or "A" Party called the Workers' Party of Canada, the other an underground or "Z" Party called the Communist Party. The stock underground apparatus of codes, ciphers and cover names was set up.

Buck, like virtually all the pioneers, belonged to both parties. He was known in the "Z" Party as J. Page. The duplication provided a machinery by which the ground-breaking comrades could seek new recruits through the relatively innocuous "A" Party while still stoking up the revolutionary fires in the hidden crucible of the "Z" Party.

Buck plunged into these challenging ventures with zest and vigor. By 1922 he was industrial director of the party. He stumped the country, feeling out potential candidates for membership, exhorting non-candidates to fight for shorter hours, better pay, more milk for the kids. To those of the true faith he reviled such short-term benefices with the scornful phrase: "Co-operation—the sugar coating to the pill of intensified exploitation!" He elaborated on the theme in a pamphlet, "Steps to Power":

"It is not forever that our greatest moments will be in strikes and elections; political questions of the future are going to be considerably influenced by political strikes, and industrial questions are sometimes going to be settled by elections. Once we have mastered the political strike, the general strike is but a step. And the general strike during a political crisis is the gateway of revolution."

Buck's only seniors in the inner leadership were Jack MacDonald, the Party's secretary, and Maurice Spector, who along with MacDonald formed its first delegation to the Comintern. MacDonald and Spector came back from the Comintern's Fourth World Congress in 1923 with exciting news. The Comintern had decreed that the time had come for the Communist Party of Canada to come above ground and "start building a real revolutionary movement among the masses." The decision, they reported proudly to the Canadian Party's annual convention, had been communicated and explained to them by four of the original Bolshevik giants —Leon Trotsky, Karl Radek, Nickolai Bucharin and Gregori Zinoviev. It meant the absorption of the Workers' (or "A") Party by the Communist (or "Z") Party and the emergence of the "Z" Party into the open.

Buck was given the honor of communicating the decision to the Party's branches. He did not underestimate the importance of the occasion. His letter began: "In the early hours of the morning there adjourned the most momentous convention ever held in the history of the revolutionary movement in Canada . . ."

At the first national convention of the new surface party in 1924, Buck was appointed a delegate to the Comintern. He made his first visit to Moscow and was enrolled at the Lenin School, an academy at which promising young Communists from all over the world are given special training in the theory and tactics of revolution. According to Canadian students who followed him, he is still remembered there as a star pupil.

The next five years were anti-climactic. It was not a time of opportunity for revolutionaries anywhere. Canada began to hear about Tim Buck and occasionally to read extracts from his speeches, which were full of gloom and anger. To most ears his trumpet of doom sounded thin and vaguely comic among the singing cash registers and chattering ticker-tapes of the lush late 1920's. Labor was chilly toward his advances and in 1928 he was expelled from his old union, the Machinists. But most people had neither the time nor the inclination to take him seriously.

Both the Toronto city police and the RCMP were, however, paying him the thin compliment of shadowing him. One plain-clothes man who was detailed to the job during that period believes there were days when it wouldn't have taken much to persuade Buck that he was riding the wrong horse. "Once I picked Tim up at his house right after breakfast and tailed him all day," the officer recalled recently. "He just seemed to be wandering around, talking to a guy here, talking to a guy there, disappearing into his office for a couple of hours and then coming out and talking to another guy. He didn't even seem to be able to work up an argument. I tailed him right up to 11.30 at night and then he got on a streetcar and I got on after him.

## A Curt Cable from the Kremlin

"It had been a tiring, useless day for both of us and I sat down in the car beside him. He didn't know I was tailing him, but I'd known him before I joined the force. 'Tim,' I said, 'that revolution of yours doesn't seem to be going too hot.' 'No,' he said. 'No, it doesn't.' And then he said: 'You know, it should have spread on into Germany. All the laws said it should have broken out in Germany. If it had the whole world would have caught fire.' He sure sounded discouraged that night."

But the dead hand of prosperity soon gave Buck's personal career a lift. Jack MacDonald and Maurice Spector began to wonder impatiently whether the Comintern's line was getting the Canadian Party anywhere after all. Each began toying with a separate heresy. The word for Spector's heresy was Trotskyism—the belief that no revolution means anything unless it's going on everywhere, all the time. The name for MacDonald's heresy was right opportunism—a belief in the value of gradual, peaceful leftist gains.

Spector was expelled from the Party with a minimum of ceremony. MacDonald, as its national leader, represented a much more delicate case. The Executive Committee appealed by cable to the Anglo - American section of the Comintern in Moscow.

On Nov. 22, 1929, Moscow's cabled reply arrived: "PLACE BEFORE MACDONALD DEMAND THAT HE AS MEMBER OF PARTY AND CC (CENTRAL COMMITTEE) MUST OPENLY ADMIT AND IMMEDIATELY ABANDON RIGHT OPPORTUNISTIC POSITION COMMA UNCONDITIONALLY AGREES TO CARRY ON RESOLUTE STRUGGLE AGAINST ALL RIGHT ELEMENTS IN PARTY UNCONDITIONALLY ACCEPTS CI PARTY LINE AND DISCIPLINE INFORMING HIM FAILURE TO ACCEPT THESE CONDITIONS OF THE TENTH ECCI (EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL) PLENUM MEANS EXPULSION FROM THE PARTY."

The cable was addressed to Buck. This happy forethought precluded the danger that anyone else might be chosen as the new national secretary. MacDonald was given ten days to recant. Then, having failed to do so, he was duly ejected.

Tim assumed the leadership at a critical and —for the party—a propitious hour. A month before his accession the world's stock markets collapsed, confronting Communists everywhere with an inviting vista of breadlines and bankruptcies.

Early in 1930 *Continued on page 54*

Buck spent three years underground waging a propaganda war against Canada during World War II. Here, after surrender, he leaves jail with Sam Carr (left), Stewart Smith

"Children should be seen and not heard." That's how Great-Uncle Ed solved it.

**Should you ever strike your child except in self-defense? Robert Thomas Allen, whose two little girls have taught him, among other things, that you should never go anywhere without a boat, says**

# YOU TOO CAN BE A PERFECT PARENT

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

SO YOU'VE just become a father? Congratulations!

A boy? Nice going! I'll bet you can hardly wait to start guiding him past the pitfalls of childhood. You're probably peering into his basinette right now, watching for maladjustments as if you were looking for spots.

I know I did. When the doctor gave me a sleeping pill and told me, "It's a girl" (I have two now: Jane, a thoughtful 10-year-old with a fondness for music, ballet and argument; and Mary, a bright-eyed muscle who has reached seven at a dead run), I thought: "At last science will have something to work with—the perfect parent." I bought a couple of books on child psychology and, while I rode back and forth to the hospital holding bouquets of marigolds, I read about teething, temper tantrums, feeding problems, jealousy, hiccups and aggressiveness.

I've learned a lot since then—the hard way. I still think child psychology is an important science and I have a lot of respect for the men and women who gave it to us. But child psychology still deals largely with theory. Parents have to deal with boys with shaved heads and air rifles and little girls dripping with orange popsicle. The ability to apply the findings of child study is almost a separate science. Child psychology tells us, for instance, that a child has 600 muscles. What we need to know is what to do with the entire 600 when we want to sit down and figure out our income tax.

I'm no psychologist or expert on child training. I speak only as a parent—a guy who has untangled dozens of sets of little fingers from pigtails and explained that ladies don't act like that; carted enough water into dark bedrooms, glass by glass, to turn the prairie provinces into mud; sat bleary-eyed and numb through Christmas concerts and squatted beside Brownie campfires on parents' day, clapping my hands and chanting: "Gilly gilly gilly gilly, watch watch watch watch, keeWA! keeWA! K-y-y-y-w-a!" But I can tell you a few tricks you're going to have to learn or you'll never get straightened out long enough to *try* child psychology.

First, you've got to make up your mind—are you going to belt your kids or aren't you? I don't think you *should*. But if you're *not* going to belt them you'll have to get control some other way, or you'll be doing what I used to do—trying to *look* as if you're going to belt them. It's like pretending you're breathing. I've put such energy behind some of my fierce expressions that I've nearly popped my glasses off my nose with sheer blood pressure.

Sometimes, when Jane and Mary were trying to kick one another loose from their barrets, I'd revert to instinct and run for the hairbrush; then I'd remember it was no use to me if I was going to play ball with Dr. Spock. It used to leave me bristling with repressions like an old hound with sandspurs.

### When Mothers Pass the Buck

You can cart around a five-foot shelf of books on child psychology and be able to recognize a complex at 50 paces, but it won't do you any good if you can't stop your kids finger-painting on the wallpaper, tossing their food over their shoulders and telling you to drop dead. You're going to find that there's only one solution—obedience. It's not hard once you get the knack.

Too many parents these days sit back letting their kids punch them groggy and subconsciously passing the buck to the child psychologists for banishing the old-fashioned hiding. A modern mother, trying to talk to an afternoon visitor, pass the seedcake and answer her five-year-old daughter all at the same time, says: "Sandra, I told you to play outside, dear."

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"Now Sandra, Mummy says you're to play outside."

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"Well, play quietly then," her mother says, quickly changing the subject.

Sandra's mother isn't to blame for not wanting to push things any farther. She knows it would develop into a knockdown, drag-out brawl, with a screaming, lurching, red-faced little Sandra lying on the floor making lateral passes with her foot and knocking seedcake all over the room; a racket that would have neighbors popping their heads out of windows and her visitor smiling politely while visualizing herself drop-kicking little Sandra over the coffee table.

Where Sandra's mother made her mistake was in letting Sandra, who really isn't a bad kid, reach a point where she thought she might win. Letting your child get away with disobeying you just once is like giving a counterfeiter just one printing press.

If *I* tell one of my kids to wash her left hand and she tries washing her right hand, or if I say: "Take a spoonful of potatoes," and she takes a spoonful of peas, I jump her as if she'd set fire to the schoolhouse. You have to work at obedience full time; you can't wait for something important to come up. Yet if you're consistent you'll be surprised at how seldom you'll have to put on the

heavy act. Kids catch on to obedience, just as fast as to disobedience. They get the habit.

Yet I've seen parents who have started to chase their kid for giving a lot of lip give up because he ran too fast. If one of my kids tries running away from me she's in for a race. Neighbors have seen me go past so fast they've thought it was a new kind of flying saucer, but I have a record that would put the Mounties to shame for bringing back my girls.

Another thing, you're going to have to be able to escape from your kids occasionally—and I don't mean moving to another city, although the idea will occur to you. I mean escape from them while you're still on the job as a parent. If you don't, when you visit a psychologist you'll be parking Junior in the waiting room while *you* go in and lie down on the couch.

Our forefathers might have had some pretty austere ideas about a child's place in the home, but let's give them their due: they didn't leave as many kids adrift as we do because of divorce, desertion, separation, elbow-bending and nervous breakdowns. I think part of the reason was that they could get some silence around the house when they needed it.

I'm not saying you should go back to the days of granite-faced Great-Uncle Ed who used to snap: "Children should be seen and not heard," and whose kids sat around the mealtable stacking up inhibitions like wheatcakes. I am saying you've got to decide: when are you going to talk, and when are your kids going to talk?

My wife and I made up our minds early that *our* children were going to express themselves as freely as a barber before a holiday week end. Mealtimes were going to be occasions for mutual and lively exchange of ideas. We found ourselves sitting there withholding vital communiques about the state of our coalbin and how we were going to pay the Homemakers' Friend Little Loan Incorporation while we listened to a never-ending cross fire of conversation about yo-yos, bubble-gum and the adventures of Super Mouse. The only way we could get a remark in was to run in the way a little girl does in double Dutch. It began to stunt *our* development. It dawned on us that kids will never stop talking unless someone stops them.

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In desperation I'd say: "Nobody's to say another word until we've reached dessert," and threaten to penalize the first offender by taking a nickel off her allowance, one of the few things that would impress my daughters, who are both so tight it's embarrassing. The silence came on us so suddenly that neither my wife nor I would be able to think of anything to say.

The only way is to give children their meals separately. Children and adults just don't eat in the same spirit. With a child it's just a continuation of the day's activity. With an adult it's time out from the day's activity.

It's all very well to say, when a child squirms, rubs food in her hair, kicks you rhythmically on the shin under the table and spills milk down your leg, that this is typical behavior for a six-year-old. This explains it, but it doesn't alter it. In the old days her father would have kicked her back. That's what you'll feel like doing, but instead you'll try gritting your teeth and repeating to yourself: "This is typical behavior for a six-year-old. This is typical behavior for a six-year-old. She's developing her little motor mechanism," until you build up the internal pressure of a blowfish and explode all over the place. *You'll* become a problem at mealtime.

Something else that you can make up your mind to right now is that reasoning with children has its limitations. To decide to reason everything through with your kids is like someone who has been smoking a flat 50 cigarettes a day for 20 years giving it up in favor of contemplating cosmic truths. It's a wonderful idea. But if he tries it too suddenly he'll end up being chased around by a man with a net.

I remember one time Jane proved to me, by my own reasoning, that a person should never go anywhere without a boat. I forget just how it went, but it started with me saying that I was taking her for a walk and ended with me, red-faced and flustered, admitting sullenly that if a wolf jumped out at me from behind a tree I'd have to cross a river. She'd already made me prove that I'd be near a river.

Any guy who took *Continued on page 37*

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Any guy who took *Continued on page 37*

# The Hex-Man of Croaker's Hole

By ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

OUR STRIKER ripped another page from his tablet, crumpled it, and fired it through the cuddy port to join the fleet of spoiled-paper balls that bobbed against the swordfisherman's hull.

"You're making a line gale out of a breeze," the skipper told him. "There you set, man, firing the pole at her when a hand jab will do the trick."

"It ain't her," the striker protested. His brow was knotted and he flexed cramped fingers despairfully. "It's just that each time I'm primed to ask, I see her ma's big fat ugly face peeking over her shoulder!"

The skipper curled a final delicate shaving from what three storm-bound days earlier had been a woodbox billet of Cape Breton pine. "Why, you're getting a bonus," he said mildly. "A seasoned, well-rigged mother-in-law is just about the Almighty's fairest creature. There's a mort of men will tell you that. Willie Doyle could, was he here."

"Who's Willie Doyle?" I asked from my bunk.

"A jack," the skipper said, and blew wood dust from the edge of his knife. "An outport boy over to Faralong Bay in Newfoundland."

The striker pushed his tablet aside. He was a beefy, blackhaired lad, raised where the Nova Scotia South Shore looks across to its ancient friend and enemy, Massachusetts. He could poise on a sworder's airy stand and drive the dart through a broadbill which was no more than a violet shadow, but a problem of the heart had foundered him.

"Newfie, eh?" he said. "I don't have no dealings with them baymen."

"Your loss," said the skipper. He had collected the slats of his pine-wood fan and was tapping a miniscule peg through their butts. "Fine people, salt of the earth, but inclined to be pigheaded on account of the Irish in them. You take Willie Doyle, now. Willie looked enough like you to be your brother, and he must of been under the same dory when the brains was served out. That boy had everything—the handy little 20-ton schooner his dad left him—money in the bank—right pretty girl for his wife and a fine, fat mother-in-law to boot. But a week after that poor old widow woman come to live with them, what does Willie Doyle do but draw his money, sink it in gear and stores, order his wife on board and sail at 10 minutes to midnight of a Friday on a swordfishing trip."

"He shoulda' waited that 10 minutes," the striker declared with scandalized conviction. "And a proper fool he was, taking a woman along!"

"So he learned," the skipper murmured, hunched over his finicky work. "He begun to learn it right here in Croaker's Hole, the day he tangled with the hex-man."

"The who?" I asked.

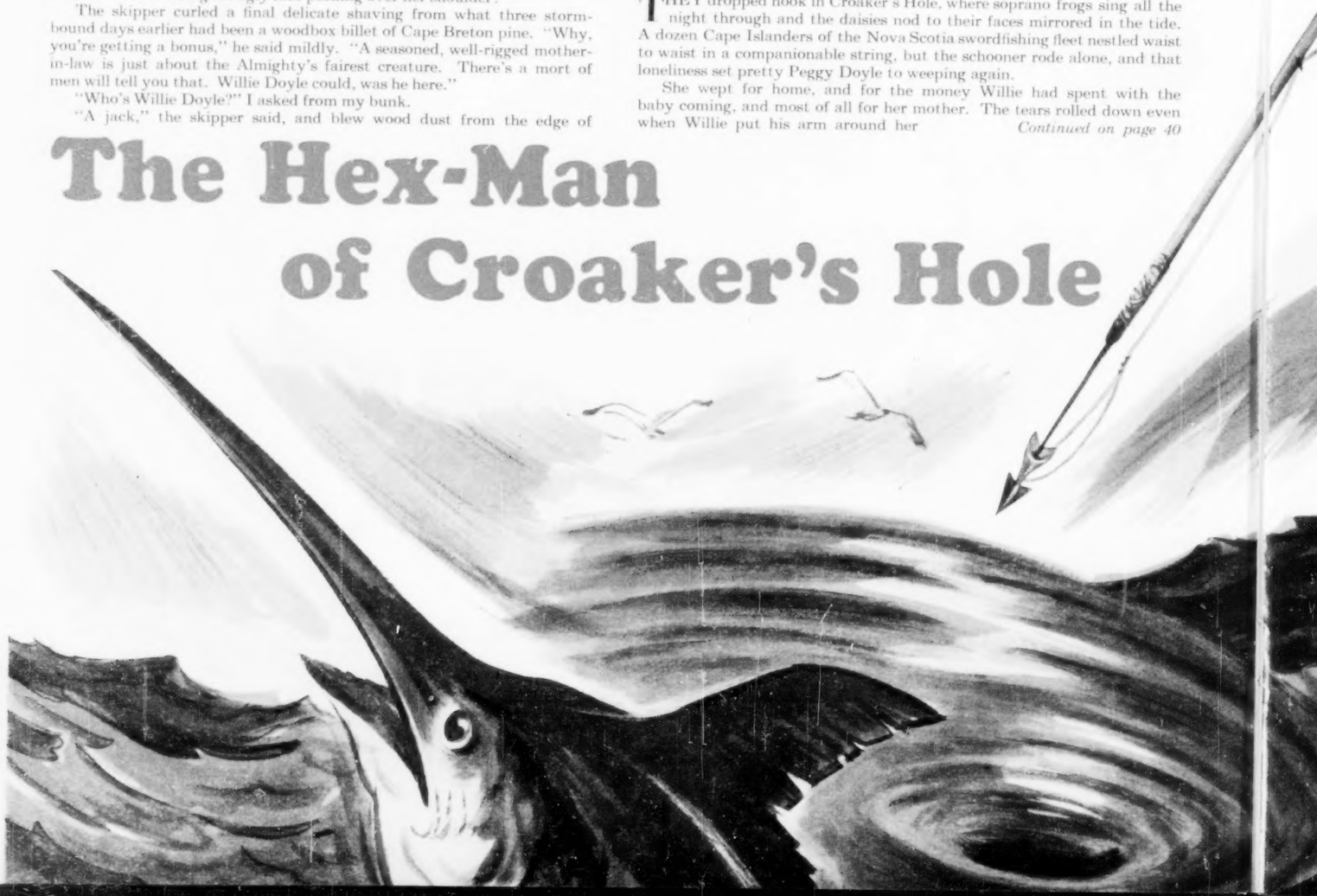
"The hex-man," the skipper said. "Take a run down to New Hamburg sometime, you won't see a barn without the hex mark painted onto it. Old Gusdolph Shriever, him that pulled alongside them in his gopher that evening, is a seagoing hex-man. They say he used to be the worst hexer ever soured a trip for boat and crew."

He gave the fan a flirt, and it opened with a light, dry rustle. Only then was the magic of his patient jackknife made plain. We saw bird and fish, vessel and dory, queer, stiff little figures parading in a fantastic lace-work the length of each tapered, wafer-thin slat.

The cuddy was snug and warm. A pot of corned beef stew simmered on the tiny stove, cheek by jowl with a can of bake-apples picked that morning on the rain-drenched hills. Studying the fan, listening to the skipper's mild voice, it wasn't too hard to see a schooner bound in light ballast southeast across Cabot Strait toward Cape Breton Island, young Willie Doyle bold at the wheel and his outport wife beside him, resentment in her heart and the damp on her cheeks as much from tears as sea-spray.

THEY dropped hook in Croaker's Hole, where soprano frogs sing all the night through and the daisies nod to their faces mirrored in the tide. A dozen Cape Islanders of the Nova Scotia swordfishing fleet nestled waist to waist in a companionable string, but the schooner rode alone, and that loneliness set pretty Peggy Doyle to weeping again.

She wept for home, and for the money Willie had spent with the baby coming, and most of all for her mother. The tears rolled down even when Willie put his arm around her *Continued on page 40*



# CONSCR

## By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

IF AND WHEN Canada goes to war we shall have all-out conscription immediately. The Government is committed to that already.

Whether any such decision is on record, even in the secret minutes of the Cabinet, is very doubtful. The question has been discussed from time to time, but cabinets don't usually take formal decisions so far in advance of action.

Individual cabinet ministers, though, will tell you without any hesitation: "We'll have it this time. There's no doubt of it in anybody's mind." Seven of the 20 members of the Government have told me that; some used exactly those words. One added: "If we don't, I wouldn't stay in the Government 10 minutes."

No unqualified pledge has yet been made in public, but the Prime Minister went a long way toward it in his first speech to the present session of Parliament. Conscription is a question to be decided on its merits, he said, not on sentimental grounds.

Mr. St. Laurent read to the House an attack upon himself by the isolationist newspaper Le Devoir:

"His convictions are all the more dangerous for being more honest and sincere (than those of his predecessors in 1939). Mr. St. Laurent will resist conscription only so long as he believes it inadvisable or ineffective. In principle he has no objection to it. His policy leads straight in that direction."

Said the Prime Minister: "I am not at all offended at the terms of that article." The Government's present information and advice were that conscription is not yet necessary, indeed "that it would hamper what is being done." But, he added, "that does not mean the situation cannot change."

Some people think it has changed already—that compulsory military service in Canada is overdue. The Canadian Legion formally demanded, in January, a program of four months' universal military training followed by compulsory part-time service in the reserve. As long ago as 1947, in an article in this magazine, a similar course was recommended by General H. D. G. Crerar, wartime commander of the Canadian Army overseas.

They argue that it would take 18 months to put a new Canadian force into action: six months to set up training centres and teach enough teachers to handle 60,000 conscripts a year; six months more to get the first batch of trainees ready for posting to their units; a final six months of unit and formation training before the troops are ready for battle.

True, only seven months elapsed between the recruiting of the Canadian Special Force and the time the Princess Pats went into the line in Korea. However, the Special Force is 42% veterans of World War II, and it's stiffened by a large cadre of volunteers from the regular army. Canada couldn't hope and shouldn't try to turn out a real expeditionary force at that rate.

Americans do. General George Pearkes, defense critic for the Progressive Conservatives in Parliament, told of having seen a division of American war veterans called up, given 18 days "refresher" training and then shipped off to Korea. "I hope the day will never come," he said, "when Canadians will have to be sent into a theatre of war with only an 18-day refresher course."

Winston Churchill, in the fourth volume of his war memoirs, says, "It takes two years and a very strong professional cadre to form first-class troops." He recalls one of his trips to Washington, when "we saw the mass-produced American divisions doing field exercises with live ammunition.

"I said to Ismay (his chief of staff): 'What do you think of it?'

"Ismay replied: 'To put these troops against continental troops would be murder.'

"Whereupon I said: 'You're wrong. They are wonderful material and will learn very quickly.' To my American hosts however I consistently pressed my view that it takes two years to make a soldier."

No group in Canada, not even the Legion, has yet suggested full-scale conscription for a period of years. The most yet to be recommended is a training period of four to six months, followed by compulsory part-time service in the reserve. This would not produce an army; it would produce a full-size mobilization machine, and basic training for 60,000 to 75,000 men.

That alone, it's argued, would save Canada a full year at the outbreak of war. The United States gained a precious six months last time by having had conscription in force the summer before Pearl Harbor. Why shouldn't Canada do the same now?

A year ago, even three months ago, some part of the answer may have been sheer apathy, a complacent unawareness of danger. This was not confined to Canada. In late October General MacArthur advised Washington that the Korean war would be over in a week, and the great preoccupation in the Pentagon Building was to find ships and quarters for the troops coming home for Christmas.

This attitude is gone from Ottawa, as well as from Washington, now. There's a new appreciation of danger, a fear even more profound than the Government has yet revealed publicly.

It is now recognized in Ottawa that Russia is willing to risk a major war, perhaps even to start one by deliberate aggression. If the Russians have indeed decided that war is inevitable, they may also have decided that 1951 is the best time. Their situation will never be better.

Eighteen months from now, if General Eisenhower's plans mature, Western Europe will again be strong. Today, Russia is believed to have 175 divisions available for attack. North Atlantic Treaty nations have eight.

We are almost as badly outnumbered in the air. Air strength is hard to express in figures, for striking power depends on skill and circumstance—the outnumbered RAF proved to be stronger in battle than the Nazi Luftwaffe of 1940. However, to take a single case in point, our intelligence believes the Russians have 3,500 MIG-15's. The MIG-15 is a short-range jet fighter of very high speed; the only Allied plane now in production which can catch it is the newest F-86. Europe has none. The United States could, in an emergency, send over perhaps 500.

For other types of planes the ratio is different. Generally speaking, though, the Western allies need about six or seven times as many planes as they have now to match the present air strength of the Soviet Union.

### Chances of Peace Only 50-50?

This doesn't mean we're licked before we start. It doesn't even mean necessarily that the Russians think they could win by moving now. Russians got Lend-Lease like other allies of World War II. They know as well as anyone the colossal potential of the United States and the almost equal potential of the German heavy industry which is now in Western hands. Even the "eight vs. 175 divisions" is misleading, for a mobilized Europe would be stronger than that. Norway, for example, promises only 4,000 men to General Eisenhower's integrated force—but every Norwegian is a soldier who keeps his uniform and his small arms at home and who knows exactly where to go and what to do when war breaks out.

Nevertheless, the figures are frightening, and many eminent people in Ottawa are frightened. Some believe our chances of peace through 1951 are no better than 50-50. One distinguished soldier of World War II lays worse odds than that—he would bet six to four on war in August.

Others, equally well informed, are more sanguine. They still doubt that Russia will deliberately

**FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR HISTORY CANADA GOES INTO**

**ITS GREAT RACIAL GROUPS COMMITTED TO CONSCRIPTION**

# RIPTION!

provoke the might of the western allies against her, especially when she can still use the cheaper weapons of politics. But even the rosiest optimist now takes a graver view than pessimists did a year ago. All agree that we're in peril, as we never have been before.

That being so, why haven't we got conscription now?

Partly because the services themselves don't want it yet. I talked to officers of various ranks in all three services, frankly and privately, and I didn't find one who'd take the responsibility of urging conscription tomorrow. The only thing now recommended by outsiders is "partial" conscription; the services feel that would be far more bother than it would be worth.

It would mean, they say, that they'd have to stop everything else they are doing to deal with the flow of conscript trainees. They'd need 16,000 men from the regular and special forces to train, feed, transport and administer the conscripts.

It would mean Canada couldn't send a brigade to Europe, they say, because too many of the expeditionary force would be needed at home. Whatever difference it might mean to the raising of a large army for immediate war, it would actually kill Canada's requested contribution to the "deterrent force" which, we must still hope, will *prevent* war.

That's all very well, but we'll need to raise a big army some time. If we can't do it without crippling ourselves, shouldn't we start doing it now?

Not at all, says the Army. We can't do it *in peacetime* without using too many men from the regular forces. Wartime is a different matter. Come war, and the army wouldn't use regulars to raise, train, administer an expeditionary force. It would call back the men who learned how to do it in World War II.

That's the only kind of conscription the services want—complete direction of manpower, with authority to call whom they please for whatever jobs need doing. In the National Defense Department is a big black book containing hundreds, maybe thousands of names. When war and conscription do come, or if they come, the Army's first step will not be to call up every 19-year-old in Canada. It'll be to ring up this group of seeded individuals and order them back into uniform. The call-up *en masse* will come second.

In wartime they'll be able to do that. In peacetime it's grossly unfair. If we were to attempt "partial" mobilization, these keymen are the very ones with the best right to be let alone. They have done their bit already.

There are other peacetime handicaps which, they say, would melt even faster in the heat of actual war. Quarters, for instance. At present Canada has no induction centres big enough to handle a conscript draft—even the sudden rush of the Special Force last August strained our recruiting facilities to the breaking point. To build induction centres would take 18 months. Come wartime, we'd get them in a matter of days. The Army would simply take over every fair ground, every exhibition building in Canada.

Same thing is true of housing. Canada has no barracks space to spare this year—even the present force of 60-odd thousand men fills all our camps to the bulging point. We are diverting already a large slice of our scanty building material to defense construction. Double that program, and we'd have even less left for civilian housing—though we're bringing 100,000 immigrants to Canada this year with no place to put them. In wartime they won't wait to build, they'll take over a flock of hotels.

## Nobody Knows Canada's Role

These answers don't satisfy everybody in the armed services today. Officers dealing directly with the recruiting problem are worried. They'd like to see more done to get ready for the big show—organization of draft boards, expansion of induction and training establishments. They want above all things to avoid an interval of volunteering in advance of conscription.

"You can't refuse any volunteer when the heat is on—not if he can walk," one officer said. "Result is, you recruit a lot of alcoholics and diabetics who never should be allowed into the Army and it takes months to weed them out again. That's what happened to the Special Force last summer. We signed them up so fast that by now we've had to discharge 1,000 of them—a whole infantry battalion of useless men who've been living for six months at the taxpayers' expense."

So they want, as a minimum first step, national registration immediately. Let's at least find out how many men we have, they say, and where to find them fast.

Opinion about national registration is still divided in the rest of the Government service and in the Cabinet itself. Norman Robertson, Clerk of the Privy Council, and Arthur MacNamara, Deputy Minister of Labor, are joint chairmen of the new manpower advisory committee which will study this and other problems. Before the committee had held its first meeting, Robertson inclined to favor national registration, MacNamara to feel it wasn't worth while. Neither man felt very strongly about it. They regarded it as a matter for study.

Whether we have national registration this year or not, one thing is clear: it won't solve all the manpower problems. It won't "put every man where he can do the most good," or bring any major change into the gathering speed of the Canadian defense effort.

Why? Because, even now, nobody knows exactly what Canada will be called upon to do. The rearmament program of the western alliance is only beginning to take shape.

One example: The big Canadair plant in Montreal is making F-86E jet fighters. Six months ago Canadair had no firm orders for these planes from any allied government. Now the British want all we can make. But, although Canadair is able to produce 50 fighters a month, Canada still hasn't got that many engines from the United States. We'll get them before long, but we haven't got them yet.

Meanwhile, Canadair has a line-up outside the plant gate every morning of 100 to 200 men looking for work. A draft board could, theoretically, come along and put those 200 men into uniform. But what good would that do? In a few months' time, when the engines arrive, Canadair would be moving heaven and earth to get them back again.

This sort of confusion runs right through the Ottawa picture today. Nominally we've had steel control since last November, but Kenneth Harris, the steel controller, didn't take over until just before Christmas. He found he had a staff of four people. By February he'd built it up to 20, choosing as carefully as he could, but he still had no priorities officer and no real priority system. Steel had been forbidden entirely for such frivolous purposes as beer halls and bowling alleys, but some Defense Department orders were still competing on an equal footing with ordinary civilian housing jobs. It wasn't until mid-February that Mr. Howe got around to restricting steel for office buildings, store fronts, and so on.

There's no simple answer to this problem, either. We do need houses, desperately—66,000 of them are unfinished this spring, and it would be a sad waste to let them rot. Not all Defense Department orders are urgent. Somebody has to decide which we need to do first, and up to now that somebody hasn't even been hired.

Dozens of other major decisions still hang fire. To take but one: What about the St. Lawrence Seaway? Canada has urged for several years that this is a defense project of A-1 priority; it will open up a protected *Continued on page 59*

**A CRISIS WITH ALL MAJOR POLITICAL PARTIES AND BOTH FOR WAR. THE QUESTION IS: HOW SOON WILL IT COME?**

# The Battered Boss of Windsor

**Handsome Arthur Reaume wooed and won his lusty city for five terms as mayor, then her ardor cooled after a succession of scandals and investigations. But Reaume is back for a sixth term, slightly shaken after waiting 33 days for Windsor to say "Yes" again — by 16 votes**

**By GERALD ANGLIN**

ARTHUR J. REAUME, a boyish, brash but not unbloodied politician of 44, has been mayor of Windsor, Ont., continuously for 10 years and two-and-a-half months excepting eight days last January when he was temporarily evicted in as cockeyed and bitter a political battle as ever beset a Canadian community.

A bustling bordertown of 121,000 under the stony frown of Detroit's skyscrapers, Windsor elected Art Reaume mayor for his sixth successive term last Dec. 6. But nobody knew for sure who was mayor and who wasn't for 33 days of tortuous suspense. On election night after the polls closed the balance teetered between Reaume and his hard-scrapping opponent, ex-newspaperman Tom Brophey, every time another of the city's 187 subdivisions was heard from.

At 3 a.m. Reaume delivered a victory speech when "unofficial returns" showed him elected by 36 votes. At 3.25 a.m. Tom Brophey delivered *his* victory speech over the same CKLW microphone when "official and final" returns from city hall declared him elected by 171 votes. Before noon a jangling telephone jerked Brophey from exhausted slumber to tell him City Hall had checked its arithmetic and cut his majority to 129 —no, wait a minute, 38. Reaume promptly demanded a recount and Windsor's trial by suspense had begun.

For, instead of releasing tensions piled up during 10 years in which the Reaume administration had been battered by a war boom, a 99-day strike, a tornado and a series of sensational civic investigations, the indecisive election simply heightened

**The lure of booming Detroit just across the river gives compact Windsor many problems. But in all the storms which have rocked his administration Art Reaume has always come up with the right answers.**

City Clerk C. V. Waters (in glasses) swore in two men for the same job in eight days. Left: Tom Brophey, law student, takes the oath after his first-count win. Right: Art Reaume goes back to office after the recount. His first act was to give Brophey a month's pay.

them. The battle moved from the polls to the courts, where Reaume got a Windsor judge to order a recount and Brophey won an injunction from a Toronto judge to stop the recount.

On Dec. 29, two days before his term ran out, Mayor Reaume got city council to order a recount. Mayor Tom Brophey was sworn in on Jan. 1 but spent most of his brief stay at City Hall watching three judges conduct a recount during which his 38-vote victory dwindled dismally to a 16-vote defeat.

Tight-jawed from the strain, Reaume was sworn in to succeed his own successor on Jan. 8. He fled across the river to Detroit for the night with his attractive wife and daughter to escape the pent-up adulation of his followers, but he seemed to be his debonair, wise-cracking self when he returned to City Hall to sign a cheque for a month's salary to Tom Brophey for his eight days in office. In private, however, Reaume revealed himself shaken by the bitter uprush of feeling among Windsor's aroused citizens which had all but swept him out of office.

The first time he was sworn in, 10 years ago, Art Reaume declared: "I want to be mayor for all classes of people." After he had been sworn in for the sixth time last January he was asking: "Why do people hate me so?"

Following the 99-day Ford strike of 1945, which made him a hero to labor and unpopular with Windsor's management and business class, Reaume liked to blame all opposition on anti-labor forces. But by 1951 it was plain that Reaume had split Windsor into two hostile camps, union men included. The fact was that fewer voters were for Reaume than against him, for the opposition vote had been split between Brophey and two also-ran candidates who polled 3,000 votes.

What had soured the long-standing love feast between the handsome, politically wise Reaume and his native city? Reaume, who stands 5 ft. 10 ins. and weighs a trim 160, has an infectious smile and so much offhand charm that many Windsorites call him "our Jimmy Walker." Last year when he sent out 150 invitations for a party at his home to celebrate his daughter's graduation as a nurse, 300 friends turned up. "I was worn out pouring drinks after the fellow I hired to tend bar passed out," he later remarked with some pride.

The Reaume personality is embossed by a ready wit. In spite of a slight stammer he's a confident speaker, prepared or impromptu. He once talked a boisterous crew of teen-agers into going back to school after they went on strike. "If you land in jail," he greets visiting conventioners, "just call me."

But worldly wisecracks have backfired lately in a city which has come to wince at mere mention of such words as "police enquiry," "vice probe" and "royal commission."

Three times in four years Windsor's police commission, of which Reaume is a member, has been forced by newspaper headlines and public opinion to probe the city's police department for rumored laxity and graft. At least three times Ontario's provincial government has sent trained sleuths to investigate charges that racing handbooks, bootleggers and bawdy houses operate wide open in Windsor.

At one point Detroit Police Commissioner George Boos charged Windsor with harboring the regional headquarters of an underground racing wire which had been driven from Detroit, and he suggested Windsor could rout out this bookies' information centre if it wanted to. Finally two Ontario provincial police inspectors turned in a report which rocked the roof.

They said they found "a lack of confidence by citizens in the existing law enforcement agencies" and reported "ugly rumors about members of the morality squad." They declared that the activities of a notorious bootlegger "must have been known to numerous officers of the department and yet nothing was done." And *Continued on page 44*

Reaume with his wife (left) and daughter Jean after winning the recount. They celebrated in Detroit.

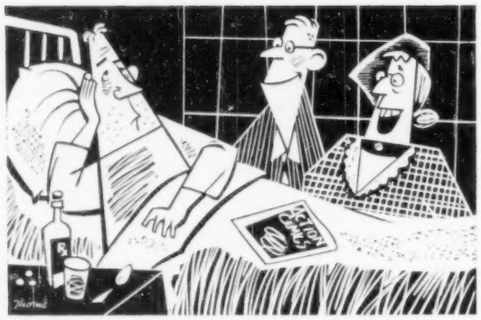
# IF YOU . . .

RUN A FARM . . .

RENT A HOUSE . . .

EARN A SALARY . . .

HAVE CHILDREN . . .



WERE SICK LAST YEAR . . .

HIT THE POKER JACKPOT . . .

THIS ARTICLE TELLS YOU

# HOW TO SAVE MONEY

# ON YOUR INCOME TAX

By CHARLES NEVILLE

DRAWINGS BY JOHN THORNE

A FATHER of five children started up a grocery business in Toronto's east end in 1947. That first year he lost $850. In 1948 he figured he made a profit of $4,000. After claiming exemptions for his wife and five children he paid $370 tax. The next year he counted his profit at $5,000, on which he owed $377.

Before he wrote a cheque to the Income Tax Department he decided he needed a more businesslike system of bookkeeping and called in an accountant.

The accountant looked over the income tax return, shook his head in dismay. The grocer had failed to take advantage of a dozen or more business expenses which he was entitled to deduct.

The accountant chopped down the $5,000 1949 profit to $2,300. The additional legitimate deductions which the grocer had failed to recognize included: the 1947 $850 loss, depreciation on the store of $700, a salary of $500 paid the oldest son (the grocer knew that a wife's salary was non-deductible and thought the son's would be also), $300 to cover the markup on groceries taken from the shelves and used by the family itself but which, because of haphazard bookkeeping, appeared on his records as part of the regular business turnover, $200 interest on a mortgage, about $100 miscellaneous expenses (postage, bank charges, a delivery boy's wagon, snow shoveling), $25 stolen by a delivery boy and not recovered.

When these overlooked business costs were taken from the grocer's original profit figure of $5,000 and exemptions claimed for his wife and five children, he dropped into an income bracket where he didn't owe any tax at all. The accountant charged him $75 (and told him to be sure to charge that as an expense against next year's income tax). He saved the man $377.

Another man, though single, has been paying tax as a married man because he maintained a home in which he supported an invalid sister. The sister died early in January, 1949, and for his 1949 income tax the man claimed only $1,000 exemption because he thought he reverted to single status with his sister's death. Recently, too late to apply for a refund, he learned he was entitled to married status for all of 1949 with its exemption of $2,000, since his sister was alive on January 1 that year. It cost him $190 in overpaid tax.

That villain and whipping boy of joke and cartoon, the income tax gatherer, must this year pull about $700 millions from our pockets and provide Ottawa with about 25 cents out of every dollar it will spend. But he doesn't want you to pay a cent more than the law says you have to. However, it's your job, not his, to see that you don't pay too much.

Tax experts say that of all the jokes cracked about income tax, the biggest one is on taxpayers themselves because thousands, through ignorance of the law and failure to keep detailed income and expense records, give the government more than its due.

W. W. Bonnell, a Toronto tax consultant for 16 years, states: "Fifty per cent of the small businesses which come to me for assistance have been paying more tax than required."

H. L. Bennett, chartered accountant and author of "Your Income Tax," says:

"There are so many changes in the Income Tax Act each year it is impossible for the layman to keep up with them." This year, for example, several types of income derived by prospectors have been added to the non-taxable list. And Canadian commuters working in the U. S., such as Windsor residents employed in Detroit, can for the first time deduct donations to U. S. charities. But these changes are not widely publicized and persons concerned frequently go on paying tax the old way for years before they discover they are paying more than they have to.

"The average salary worker is usually safe enough," Bennett says, "until some special circumstances arise. Maybe someone leaves him some money, he buys a house and starts renting it, he gets married or his wife goes back to work, he starts receiving money from investments or life insurance, or develops a business at home which earns him a secondary income . . . when something like this develops he may easily be ignorant of deductions which the act allows him."

Ignorance of income tax law may be costing you money. Those mining stock dividends, for example —have you taken off the 10% to 20% depletion allowance (it varies with the type of mining operation)? Or are you lumping all your dividends together and paying tax willy-nilly on the whole thing, as many taxpayers are? Have you bothered to find out whether the annuity payments you receive are tax exempt, as some are? If your wife works, have you figured out whether she or you should claim the children as dependents to effect the biggest tax saving? If you operate a business in which your dependent child helps you, do you pay him a salary of $500 and write it off as an expense?

## Beat the Races and It's Free

There are more wrinkles in the Income Tax Act than in the trousers you wear fishing. They are legitimate money-saving wrinkles and the tax authorities are just as anxious as you to see them used.

Even if you are a salaried worker whose tax is deducted before you ever see your pay there are still such things as medical expenses, additions to your family and matters relating to your wife's income which could leave the government owing you a refund.

Get out your income tax blank, and let's get started:

The first spot where you might go wrong is where you total up your year's income. Make sure you know what is exempt.

You don't pay tax on life insurance dividends or on receipts from surrendered or matured policies, on war pensions, unemployment insurance benefits, sickness and accident insurance benefits, workmen's compensation benefits or strike pay. Your poker and racetrack winnings, in fact all gambling receipts, are tax free unless you're a professional gambler. If you sell the home in which you live and make a profit, the tax man wants none of it. Legacies from the capital of an estate (but not those from an estate's interest) or gifts that are not payment for services rendered are tax exempt.

You do have to pay tax on tips, pension and retirement payments, subsistence allowances and on the cash value of free board and lodging provided by your employer. If you start making a habit of buying and selling houses the tax department may decide you are a part-time real estate speculator and demand tax on your profits. If you sell a farm, anything you make on grain or livestock is taxable, profit received on the farm, buildings and machinery is not taxable.

If you operate a farm, a business or have a couple of houses which you rent, all expenses incurred in operating these businesses should be deducted to give you your net income from these sources. Here is where the average small businessman, usually unfamiliar with all the expenses he can claim, frequently loses himself money.

But most of us have incomes composed entirely of wages or salary, and the tax department sticks doggedly to its historic and somewhat tattered principle that wages and salaries are pre-shrunk so far as expenses are involved. The department holds that wages or salaries cover all expenses involved in your job. They won't even permit you to deduct union dues. Doctors and lawyers, for example, in business for themselves, can deduct convention expenses, registration fees, the cost of books and journals, and all office expenses. But if they are retained at a salary by a business firm they can't deduct a penny.

Most taxpayers are wage or salary earners to whom the complicated rigmarole of expense deductions applies no more than does gasoline tax to a man with a bicycle. If you're in business for yourself we'll come back and fix up that expense sheet later. For now, let's assume you're an ordinary salaried man and go on to see where you can save tax money.

You have left out all income that is tax exempt. Next step is to deduct all personal exemptions you can for dependents and married status. There are a few legitimate tricks of the trade worth knowing here.

Everyone is entitled to a basic $1,000 exemption, and married or equivalent status will give you another $1,000 exemption. Don't overlook that "equivalent" business. You might be "married" for tax purposes and not know it. Do you support a child under 21 who didn't earn more than $500 in 1950? It doesn't matter if the child is no relation or lives apart from you —if you are its sole support you're a married person in the income tax books. If it's your own child, or a son- or daughter-in-law, and the child is mentally or physically infirm, it can be over 21 and still entitle you to married status. If the dependent is an adult relative who didn't earn over $500 (uncles, aunts, nephews and nieces count) you are "married" so long as you maintain a domestic establishment for the dependent's support.

*Continued on page 30*

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

# FRANKLIN'S FOLLY

*Sir John Franklin led three expeditions into the Canadian Arctic and all were lost. He was found twice. The last tragic fiasco only proved that you can't chew red tape when you're starving*

By FRED BODSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH

*On their trek to death they carried stoves, silverware and curtain rods.*

Lady Franklin sent out a rescue ship of her own in 1857. Her captain found three skeletons. Was Sir John's one of them?

ON MAY 19, 1845, the guns of Greenwich boomed in farewell and two ships dropped down the Thames on a voyage that was to take them into the unknown island masses and ice fields of Canada's Arctic in search of the Northwest Passage. Striding his scrubbed deck, gallantly waving to the crowds, was a bald aristocratic hero, Sir John Franklin, imperious sea dog who had fought with Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, veteran explorer who twice before had led overland exploration treks into the Canadian Arctic.

In their Whitehall offices Britain's bewigged Lords of the Admiralty congratulated themselves that at last, after a 350-year struggle, the elusive passage through Arctic waters from the Atlantic to the Pacific must now certainly be found. For Franklin's ships, Erebus and Terror, black hulls deep in the murky Thames with three years' provisions, represented the most ambitious assault ever against Arctic seas.

Never had an expedition been fitted out at such expense. Never had crews been so carefully selected. Never had an exploration party sailed with greater expectation of success. And never has one ended in more tragic failure. Franklin and his 129 Royal Navy men vanished to the last man and left only a few scattered clues to their fate.

More than a century later the great Franklin expedition is still the Arctic's most baffling puzzle. There are strong hints too that it was the Arctic's most tragic fiasco.

Somehow the healthiest, best-trained naval veterans Britain could recruit, possessing the day's most modern guns and equipment, died, evidently of starvation, in a land where Eskimos had survived for centuries with Stone Age weapons.

The Admiralty sent the party into the Arctic equipped as though it were on a luxury cruise. In Franklin's day an officer had to continue living as a British gentleman at all costs. Pomp, dignity and the Navy's ironclad discipline had to be maintained. So Franklin and his men tackled the grinding polar floes equipped with mahogany writing desks, initialed silverware, a library of religious books, silk handkerchiefs, swords, towels and sponges. The expedition had everything—a batman for every officer to keep his buttons polished and newfangled steam engines below decks to keep the ships moving even in calm weather. The officers and men had been schooled for years in the Royal Navy's requirements for discipline and courage. But tragically, there wasn't a one who knew how to build a snowhouse or shoot a seal.

The expedition's most far-reaching result was the grim lesson that Arctic survival depended on leaders who could appreciate such mundane things as learning how to travel light and live off the land, on leaders whose vision went farther than saluting the quarterdeck and keeping buttons polished.

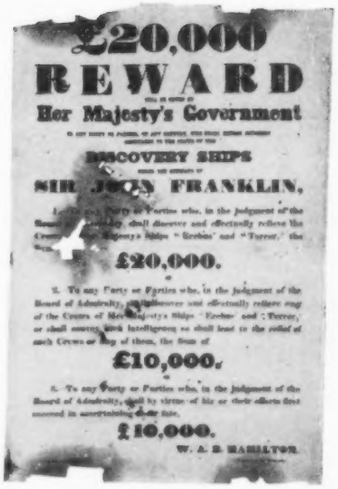
Ten weeks after leaving Britain, Erebus and Terror were met by a whaling vessel off western Greenland which brought back last letters from Franklin and his men. They were confident, enthusiastic letters. "Do not worry if the voyage should last longer than anticipated," Franklin wrote his wife. "We can hold out for five years." And officers advised their wives to address their future correspondence to Petropavlovsk, a Russian seaport on the Pacific. Then Erebus and Terror headed west into the maze of Canada's Arctic islands. Neither ships nor crews were ever seen again by civilized man.

Three years passed, not even an Eskimo rumor about Franklin was heard, and then history's greatest quest got under way (it's still going on today). In six years more than 40 expeditions, costing a staggering (for 1850) $4 millions, combed the Arctic for a trace of Franklin and his men. In 1850 alone 14 ships sailed on the search. And the Franklin expedition, in failure, accomplished more for Arctic exploration than it could have with success—the searchers mapped more of Canada's Arctic in those few years than had been mapped in the previous 300 years; as the great blanks on the polar maps were filled in they found not *the* Northwest Passage but two or three Northwest Passages.

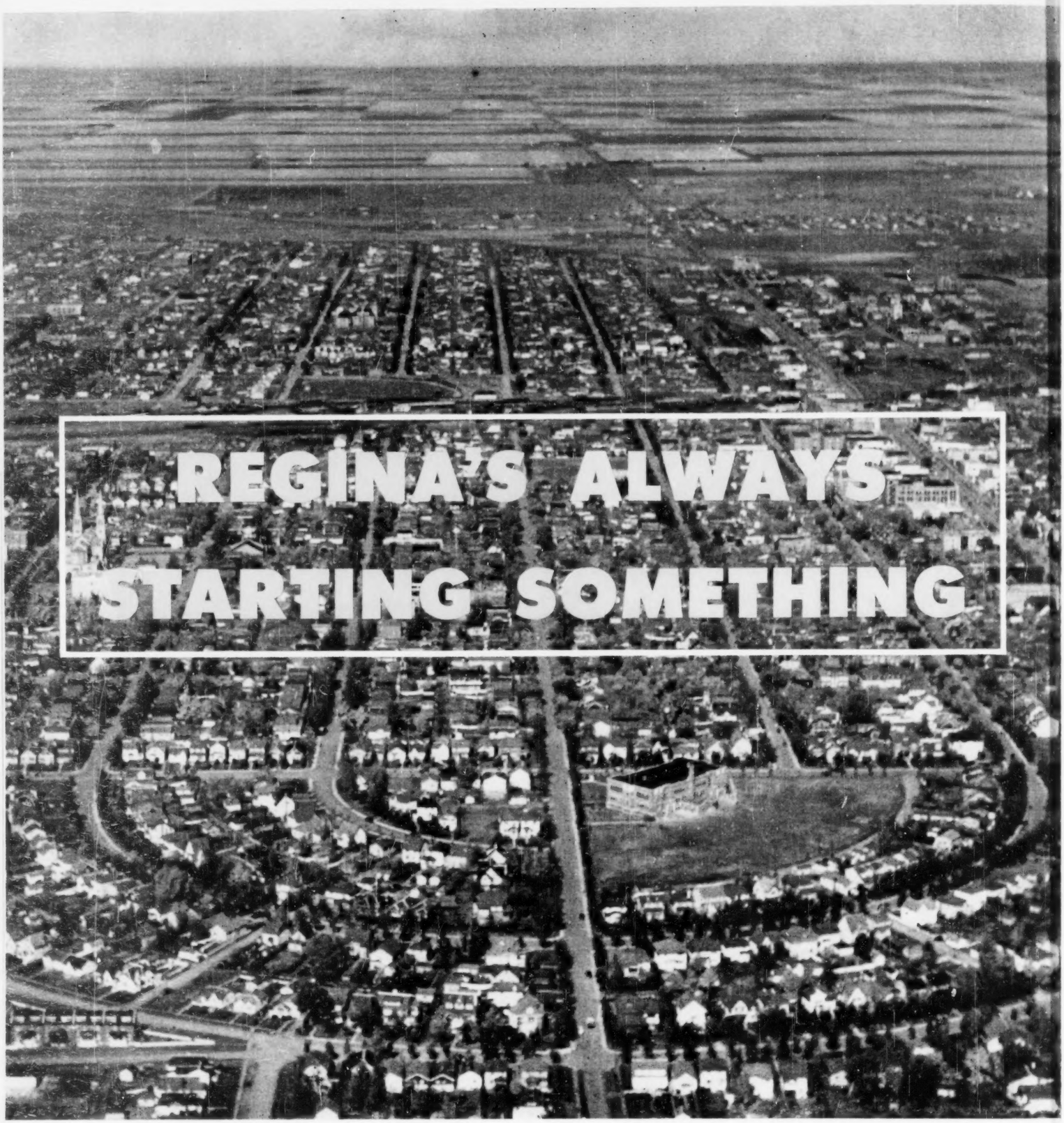
The search problem was immense. There were no reliable charts and compasses spun crazily because of the nearness of the magnetic pole. The searchers left great caches of food and clothing on the chance that Franklin's men might find them. They painted messages on rocks visible to ships at sea. They even trapped foxes alive and released them with collars and messages, hoping that one of the animals might fall into the hands of the lost.

In 1850 a reckless happy-go-lucky whaling captain named Penny, in charge of one of the Admiralty's search ships, got fed up with the red tape of his expedition commander, struck out on his own and, on tiny Beechey Island in Barrow Strait, stumbled across the remains of Franklin's first winter's camp. Weeks were spent searching the area. Three graves were found, the remains of several huts, rope, sailcloth and empty food tins but not a scrap of

*Continued on page 47*




In six years 40 expeditions combed the Arctic for Franklin. The Admiralty was horrified by rumors of cannibalism.




Built like a gridiron on prairie mud, Regina had no business being there in the first place. But it never lacked pioneers and became the first seat of socialist government, home of the mighty wheat pool and springboard for the CCF. It even showed the way for home-made lakes

**By GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON**

One thing is certain. Regina will never amount to anything more than a country village. Situated in the midst of a vast plain of inferior soil, and with about enough water in the miserable little creek known as Pile of Bones to wash a sheep, it would scarcely make a respectable farm, to say nothing of being fixed upon as a site for the capital of a great province. The place has not a single natural advantage to recommend it.

THAT'S WHAT the Winnipeg Free Press thought of Regina's prospects in 1882. Obviously, it was a bad guess, but the mistake is understandable. The fact that the Free Press was so wrong is a tribute to the zeal and energy of Regina's early settlers, because most of what the editorial writer said was true. Some of it is true even today.

Physically, there can be little doubt that the geographic choice of Regina's site was a boner. For 70 years Reginans have had to contend with sticky black gumbo, a chronic water shortage and exposure to every caprice of nature. Yet in that short time the location that "would scarcely make a respectable farm" has become a modern compact city of 70,000. During its brief history more has happened in Regina and to Regina than any other city of comparable size in Canada. And the city can thank its natural disadvantages for its success and eminence as the heart of the Prairies.

Situated smack in the middle of the greatest wheat-producing area in the world (600 million bushels a year), Regina is the core and symbol of the farm west. The city's history is a history of the Prairies—with settlers' early battles for survival against the elements, the growth of huge farm co-operatives, an unpredictable and frequently disastrous economy, political turmoil and change.

Reginans live right beside their history. Along the city's straight flat streets you meet men like 96-year-old Robert Sinton, who once had a vigilante's noose around his neck because he couldn't produce a bill of sale for horses he was bringing to Regina from the U. S. Others remember the day the celebrated rebel, Louis Riel, ended his career of insurrection on a Royal North West Mounted Police gallows in Regina. In Regina, too, a group of grain growers met to form the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool and thereby established the world's largest grain-handling organization.

Regina was a world-wide symbol of depression during the '30s when thousands of drought-ridden farmers flooded into the capital to receive more than 30 million dollars relief in less than three years. And in Regina was born a new political party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which named its manifesto after the city and in less than 12 years formed North America's first and only socialist government.

These are some of the things that made Regina a pioneer town. In a sense, it still is. You won't see any swinging-door saloons but the city remains the crossroads and fountainhead for prairie social, economic, and political currents.

For three weeks in 1935 it became a seething tumultuous crossroads when a Communist-inspired "hunger march" to Ottawa snowballed to 2,000 men by the time it reached Regina and broke up there in a bloody Dominion Day riot. The city counted one dead, 100 injured, 80 in jail and thousands of dollars property damage. Like the innocent bystander who gets kicked in the teeth, Regina had only one possible consolation: It always seems to be in at the start of things.

Probably more than any city in the world Regina counts its blessings in terms of wheat. Yet Reginans have an almost pathological fear of a wheat economy, and they constantly seek to create a new economy less dependent on crop yield.

Politically, Regina is completely unpredictable. Within the last 20 years *Continued on page 33*

Youngsters model in clay at a play centre. Regina is justly proud of its symphony and art activity.

Only two buildings top 10 stories and you can see along the straight streets to the edge of town.

In winter Regina drops to 50 below; in summer zooms to 110. They made Wascana Lake to cool off in.

# WHOOPING COUGH: Number One Baby-Killer

**Some years this contagious disease kills more babies than polio, scarlet fever and diphtheria combined yet many parents refuse to take it seriously. Health officials are trying to awaken public interest in a vaccine that's available to all in every province**

By JUNE CALLWOOD

ACROSS Canada the Health League's 10,000 placards in streetcars and buses proclaim: "Protect your children against smallpox, diphtheria and whooping cough!" Many who read the notices are surprised to see whooping cough getting a mention in the same breath as smallpox and diphtheria.

But the shocking fact is that, among contagious diseases, whooping cough is now the world's No. 1 baby-killer, and in severe but non-fatal cases it can cripple the lungs, and, more rarely, the brain. In many homes for feeble-minded children are several put there by whooping cough. Thousands of Canadians suffering from chronic bronchial trouble don't realize that a childhood bout of whooping cough is the direct cause.

One of our more common contagious diseases (about 60% of the population is likely to get it), whooping cough each year kills more children than either diphtheria, scarlet fever or polio—and in some years more than the three combined. Even during polio epidemic years, when some parents are hysterical at the slightest twinge of stiff neck in their children, grossly underestimated whooping cough usually takes the heavier toll in lives.

Whooping cough is a microbe infection of the windpipe and bronchial tubes which causes a mucous secretion that teases a child's throat and causes him to cough until he has cleared the obstruction. The child becomes weakened during this coughing—sometimes so severe that the eyes, ears and nose hemorrhage—and as a result is susceptible to cross-infections like pneumonia. In children under three, convulsions can occur during a coughing spasm and this can injure the brain.

Whooping cough is highly infectious for the first four weeks, particularly to other members of the family who will contract it 95% of the time if they haven't been protected by immunization or by a previous case.

A coughing child will spread germs five feet and they will live two days in a handkerchief a victim has used or in clothing on which the child has vomited.

In a child past three the difference between a light case of whooping cough and a severe one is rarely a matter of life and death but there is an overwhelming difference in the child's distress. In severe cases the child can have up to 30 attacks of coughing in a day and 40 at night; in a mild case the child coughs as rarely as three or four times over a 24-hour period.

The first stage of whooping cough is known as the catarrhal stage: there is a frequent cough, short, sharp and not croupy—more like a tickle in the throat—accompanied by sneezing and a running nose. There may be a slight fever of a degree or two. This stage naturally can be mistaken for a cold.

After two weeks the cough becomes more severe. Instead of one or two hacks there are five or 10, and at night the coughing is much worse. The cough sounds as though something is caught in the air passages and it is generally relieved when a small amount of saliva with a sticky white mucus is brought up.

At the height of the disease the child coughs five to 20 times in as many seconds with no time to breathe between. He bends over during the paroxysms, holding on to something for support, and he is weak and white-faced when they end. Vomiting often accompanies the severe coughing. When the spell is over air rushing back into the starved lungs makes a whoop sound.

Because of whooping cough's serious complications mothers are urged to protect their children from colds during the illness, particularly *Continued on page 51*

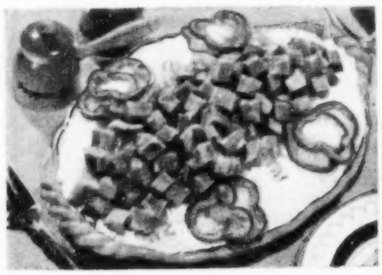
## *Martha Logan's* EASTER BOUQUET HAM

Prettiest invitation to wonderful eating that ever joined the Easter Parade! The ham is Swift's Premium, of course . . . *Canada's favourite* because it's *sure* to be grand. You can fix those good-to-eat Easter bouquets in no time . . . of nut-sweet raw turnips that make mighty good nibbling.

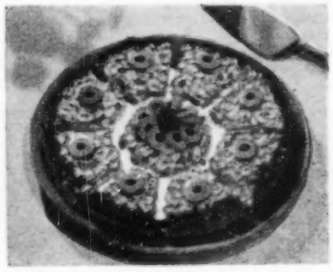
*Ask your dealer for free directions . . .*

Get a how-to-do-it recipe for the bouquet garnish when you order your Swift's Premium Ham for Easter . . . or write to Martha Logan, Swift Canadian Co. Limited, Toronto 9, Ont.

# *Easter Feast or any-night dinner...* Swift's Premium Ham *is sure to do you proud!*



*HAM IN ORANGE SAUCE:* Mix 2 tbsp. flour, ¼ c. sugar, 1 c. boiling water; cook till clear; stir constantly. Add grated rind of 1 orange, ½ c. orange juice, 1 tbsp. butter, a little curry. Heat cubed, cooked Swift's Premium Ham in sauce. Serve on hot, cooked rice. Garnish with green pepper rings.



*HAM SANDWICH WHEEL:* Cut a slice ½" thick crosswise from center of round loaf of bread. Cut a circle in center, then cut outward in wedges. Spread with butter or margarine, and ground Swift's Premium Ham and sweet pickle mixed with mayonnaise. Garnish with sliced olives and parsley.

*This* you can count on: Swift's Premium Ham *always* has the same delicious tenderness and wonderfully mellow flavour... because Swift's unique system of quality control *insures* every-time perfection. Buy it any time, anywhere... Swift's Premium Ham is *sure* to do you proud!

2 STYLES: *Uncooked* (Blue Label) or *Fully-Cooked, really* ready to eat (Red Label). Look for the Swift's Premium brand on slices, too!

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Plan now to take in the exciting celebrations of Festival Year in Britain — May 3rd to Sept. 30th. Spend more time *there* — fly TCA. Book *now*.

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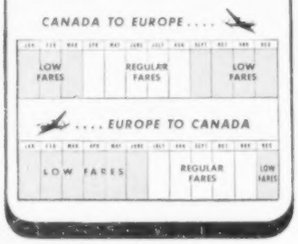


*See Your Travel Agent*

— he will help you plan — give full information on fares, routes, hotels, reservations, tours. Or write for TCA's 12-page folder on "Europe" to Dept. C, Trans-Canada Air Lines, Montreal.

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Yes . . . Europe is less than a day away by TCA! — Wherever in Europe you're going, the fast, comfortable, convenient way to travel is by TCA's Trans-Atlantic service:

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# Maclean's MOVIES

## CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

**I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN:** A homespun, bucolic and rambling tale which has to do with Methodist minister (William Lundigan) and his restless wife (Susan Hayward) as they go about their heavenly and mortal chores 40 years ago. There are two or three quite good scenes.

**THE LAST DAYS OF DOLWYN:** This warm and moving British drama is two years old but is still getting first-run bookings. It tells of the strange events leading up to the deliberate flooding of a lovely village in Wales. Dame Edith Evans' performance is one of the finest the screen has offered in a long time.

**LAST HOLIDAY:** A diverting and sometimes poignant story by J. B. Priestley, starring Alec Guinness as a mousy nobody who suddenly begins asserting himself after he learns he has only a few weeks to live.

**MAD WEDNESDAY:** Harold Lloyd, amazingly unchanged after 20 years, is funnier than ever in the best sequence of this wild roughhouse. The script bogs down at times, but these lapses are forgotten when Harold and Jimmy Conlin and a lion play tag on a skyscraper ledge.

**MRS. O'MALLEY AND MR. MALONE:** Marjorie Main cuts her usual raucous capers in the role of a Montana battle-ax who wins a quiz-show trip to Manhattan. James Whitmore is a shady lawyer who moves in on her. A loud farce, occasionally amusing.

**THE MUDLARK:** Irene Dunne, with a double chin and other disguises, plays Queen Victoria in this leisurely but enjoyable comedy-drama, an Anglo-American effort filmed in Britain. Little Andrew Ray is likely to steal your heart as a dockside waif who invades Windsor Castle. The good cast includes the busy Alex Guinness as Disraeli.

**ODETTE:** I'm afraid I can't enthuse over this one as glowingly as some of my friends, although its basic story is a fine one. Anna Neagle impersonates a real-life Frenchwoman who did brave things as a British spy in wartime France. Earnest, but sketchy and shallow.

**STATE SECRET:** A lively and sometimes witty suspense yarn, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in fine fettle as an American surgeon who operates on a European tyrant and then wishes he hadn't.

**WHERE DANGER LIVES:** Robert Mitchum, as a medical man too stupid to recognize a "mental case" when he sees her, flees from the police with a murder victim's widow, played by sultry Faith Domergue in a style almost as corny as that of Theda Bara. The doc, suffering concussion, has a hard job staying awake. Me too.

## GILMOUR RATES . . .

**Admiral Was a Lady:** Comedy. Poor.
**All About Eve:** Satiric comedy. Tops.
**American Guerrilla in the Philippines:** War and romance. Fair.
**Annie Get Your Gun:** Musical. Good.
**Armored Car Robbery:** Crime. Fair.
**Asphalt Jungle:** Crime. Excellent.
**Beaver Valley:** Wildlife short. Tops.
**Bicycle Thief:** Tragi-comedy. Tops.
**Black Rose:** Costumed drama. Poor.
**Blue Lamp:** Police thriller. Good.
**Born to be Bad:** Drama. Poor.
**Branded:** "Big" western. Poor.
**Breaking Point:** Melodrama. Good.
**Breakthrough:** War drama. Fair.
**Broken Arrow:** Western. Good.
**Cage of Gold:** Melodrama. Poor.
**Champagne for Caesar:** Comedy. Fair.
**Cinderella:** Disney fantasy. Excellent.
**City Lights** (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
**Comanche Territory:** Western. Good.
**Convicted:** Prison drama. Good.
**Crisis:** Tropical suspense. Good.
**Dark City:** Crime, suspense. Fair.
**Deported:** Crime drama. Fair.
**Destination Moon:** Space drama. Good.
**Dial 1119:** Suspense, murders. Fair.
**Fancy Pants:** Bob Hope farce. Good.
**Father of the Bride:** Comedy. Good.
**Flame and the Arrow:** Drama. Fair.
**For Heaven's Sake:** Comedy. Fair.
**Fuller Brush Girl:** Comedy. Fair.
**Glass Menagerie:** Family drama. Fair.
**Happiest Days of Your Life:** Old-schoolties comedy. Excellent.
**Harriet Craig:** Comedy drama. Fair.
**Harvey:** Fantastic comedy. Good.
**Hunt the Man Down:** Whodunit. Fair.
**I'll Get By:** Musical farce. Fair.
**The Jackpot:** Comedy. Good.
**Kind Hearts and Coronets:** Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
**King Solomon's Mines:** Jungle epic. Tops.
**Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye:** Crime. Fair.
**The Lawless:** Suspense drama. Good.
**Let's Dance:** Musical. Good.
**The Men:** Hospital drama. Excellent.
**The Milkman:** Durante farce. Good.
**Miniver Story:** Domestic drama. Poor.
**Mister 880:** Comedy. Excellent.
**Mr. Music.** Crosby musical. Fair.
**Mystery Street:** Crime. Excellent.
**Next Voice You Hear:** Drama. Fair.
**Night and the City:** Crime drama. Good.
**Night Train** (re-issue): Suspense. Good.
**No Way Out:** Racial drama. Good.
**Our Very Own:** Family drama. Fair.
**Panic in the Streets:** Crime. Excellent.
**Petty Girl:** Comedy and music. Good.
**Prelude to Fame:** Music drama. Good.
**Pretty Baby:** Comedy. Fair.
**Riding High:** Turf comedy. Good.
**Right Cross:** Boxing drama. Fair.
**Rio Grande:** "Big" western. Fair.
**Run for Your Money:** Comedy. Fair.
**711 Ocean Drive:** Crime. Fair.
**September Affair:** Romance. Fair.
**Stage Fright:** Comic suspense. Good.
**Summer Stock:** Musical. Good.
**Sunset Boulevard:** Drama. Tops.
**They Were Not Divided:** War. Fair.
**Three Husbands:** Marital farce. Poor.
**Three Secrets:** Drama. Fair.
**Tight Little Island:** Comedy. Tops.
**The Titan:** Art documentary. Tops.
**Toast of New Orleans:** Musical. Poor.
**To Please a Lady:** Love, action. Fair.
**Treasure Island:** Boy adventure. Good.
**Trio:** 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent.
**Tripoli:** Desert melodrama. Poor.
**Two Flags West:** Western. Good.
**Two Weeks With Love:** Musical. Fair.
**Union Station:** Kidnapping. Good.
**Wagonmaster:** Western. Good.
**Walk Softly, Stranger:** Drama. Fair.

# You sheltered the homeless

**As the floods rose,** hope went down. And then . . . your Red Cross was "on the job"! As thousands of flood-stricken Canadians thankfully received emergency food and shelter, their gratitude went out to *you* — who through your Red Cross contributions helped make possible this merciful relief.

**The Manitoba** *and Fraser Valley Floods . . . the "Noronic" tragedy* . . . the disastrous fires at *Rimouski* and *Cabano* . . . never before has the peacetime demand on Red Cross services and funds been so great. And never more than today — as your town and others coast-to-coast plan for the vital needs of civil defence — has your Red Cross so needed your help to prepare for the tasks of tomorrow.

**Who knows** *what these tasks may be?* Give generously to support Red Cross services for Disaster, Veterans, Free Blood Transfusion, Outpost Hospitals and Civil Defence Training. Give today, to *keep your Red Cross strong.*

$5,000,000
IS NEEDED NOW
TO MEET
TOMORROW'S NEEDS

***the work of mercy never ends....***

*Give!*

CANADIAN RED CROSS

FIREBALL POWERED

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2 GREAT SERIES

*The* ROADMASTER

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AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

**EXCLUSIVE TO BUICK!**

It's the smartest thing on wheels—the silky-smooth drive that's fully-automatic, with no clutch pedal to push and no gears to shift. It's easy on you, on fuel and tires, on the whole car—available on every Buick and *only* on Buick.

*Dynaflow standard equipment on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on Custom*

**HERE'S BUICK**—dashing 1951 Buick—showing its heels to the fine car field!

There's the gay and spritely Custom—the "Newest car in the world"—new in structure, new in power, new in dimensions, new in thrift! There's the lordly Roadmaster—with amazing power and action, with interior richness that sets new standards of elegance in motor cars, luxurious in every detail, spacious in *every* dimension!

And only Buick offers you famous Fireball Power plus silk-smooth, jet-fast Dynaflow!

By any measure, the smart car for Canadians to look at, to drive, to *own* is this smart-buy Buick for '51!

**"Smart Buy's Buick"**

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Jack Bush at work (see result, page 12). The model is Toronto's Dorothy Vanstone.

## IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE

JACK HAMILTON BUSH, who did the illustration for Arthur Mayse's story, "The Hex Man of Croaker's Hole," on page 12, spends his days making illustrations like the ones he's done for Maclean's for years, or for advertising campaigns.

"Main purpose is to make the drawings as good as I possibly can," Bush reports cryptically.

After a day at his downtown studio he goes home to dinner with his wife and three boys, 15, 12 and 8.

"After the affairs of the day concerning all of us have been discussed, and the house quiets down, I get some good music, jazz or classical, and get down to work in the fine art department," he says. "Here, too, the main purpose is to make the painting as good as possible. Here I find release for all and any ideas that interest and while some zany things come out, some things I like come out, too."

Bush, who is 41, was born in Toronto where he now lives.

• Since George Robertson graduated from Regina's Central Collegiate in 1939 he has been looking for a job. He hasn't been working steady since leaving his old home town, which he writes about on page 22, but he's still looking for "a job I like in a place I like and at which I can make enough money to live."

His search has taken him from an announcing post at CKRM, Regina, to Winnipeg, Vancouver, Montreal, to Toronto where he now lives. The jobs he has tried for size have varied from bellhopping to managing a calypso singer called Lord Caresser in Montreal.

Since 1940 he has been making his living out of radio, the last few years as a free-lance writer-actor. If you listen to soap operas you have heard him as the gigolo turned murderer in "Brave Voyage." If you're a fan of W. O. Mitchell's "Jake and the Kid," you've heard George in the role of the garrulous Repeat Golightly, the barber of Crocus, Sask.

"The Regina article," he told us, "was written last summer when my wife Rhena, who also acts and writes, my two-year-old son, Fraser, and myself went back to visit our parents. My wife comes from Regina, too. I met her at Central and married her four years later."

### OUR COVER

FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE'S decision to select Toronto Maple Leafs as the subject for a Maclean's cover introduced some mild domestic tension in his Montreal home. His 14-year-old daughter Robin is a Canadiens fan and felt her father had somehow betrayed her by painting a picture of their rivals.

Tim Daly, who is depicted sewing a button on Ted Kennedy's uniform, took a little coaxing before he would pose. He also took quite a bit of kidding from the rest of the players shown in the picture. That's Turk Broda in the background.

CREAM OF WHEAT
MADE IN CANADA
from the best Canadian wheat

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Rust-proof Anaconda Copper Tubes assembled with solder-type fittings cost about the same as rustable pipe, but give you: (1) a constant flow of rust-free water; (2) absence from leaks caused by rust; (3) a plumbing system that will last far longer and give top satisfaction. Ask your plumber too, about a hot water tank of Anaconda's rustless Everdur* Metal. Anaconda American Brass Limited, Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ontario. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg. Anaconda —since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass.

*Trade Mark Reg'd.

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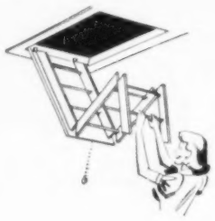
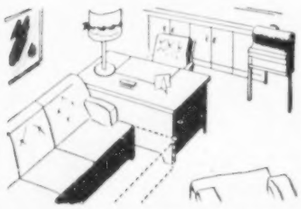
LET ANACONDA HELP WHEN YOU BUY OR BUILD

Your Enduring Home

*Here are some of the 72 building hints in our handy new reference book "How to Build a Better Home". We sincerely hope they will help you to get the most out of the biggest investment you may ever make.*

**30.** Storage of bulky items presents a problem, notably in basementless houses. Fortunately, where there's an attic, it can be used to accommodate seasonal items like trunks, sports equipment, etc. A folding ladder makes it accessible without requiring the necessary staircase area. Attics should always be ventilated. For summer, install an attic fan to pull cool night air through the house and force it out ventilators.





**32.** Most modern houses can't afford a separate room for overnight guests, but sleeping accommodation is possible in a "multi-purpose" room. Essential equipment is a sofa that converts into a bed. Not only does a multi-purpose room serve as a place for children to play and do their homework—it makes a fine study or sewing room as well.

FREE — CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

Anaconda American Brass Limited, New Toronto, Ontario, Dept. MAC3
Please send me your reference book "How to Build A Better Home".

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Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____


## How to Save Money on Your Income Tax

*Continued from page 19*

If you support a wife (or husband) whose income was more than $250 but less than $1,000 you cannot claim the full married exemption of $1,000. But you can claim $1,000 minus the amount over $250 which the dependent spouse earned. Complicated? Not really. Suppose your wife earned $900—$650 more than her $250 limit. Your allowable exemption is $1,000 minus that $650.

If your wife earned more than $1,000 you are entitled to no marriage exemption and both of you must pay tax as single persons. Common-law wives, though recognized in many legal situations, do not entitle you to married status. If you support your wife under a separation agreement you can't claim married status but the separation allowance you pay her is not taxable against you.

Does your wife's income go a bit over $1,000? There are a couple of devices which might hammer it down under the $1,000 mark and entitle you to a marriage exemption. First, there is the "notch" provision of the 1949 act. Suppose your wife earned $1,050. You can add that extra $50 to your own tax payment and retain a married status exemption of $250. This might, or might not, be to your advantage, depending on your income and tax rate. Or, expenses against your wife's income might bring it below $1,000. Did she earn $1,100 by nursing, dressmaking, selling cosmetics or some other business of her own? If she did there are probably enough deductible expenses such as taxi bills, cost of maintaining a workroom, depreciation on sewing machines, supplies, to bring her income below $1,000.

But if she reduces her income by deducting charitable donations or medical expenses, it might put her in a non-taxable bracket, but your exemption as a husband is still reckoned on her net income before charitable donations and medical expenses were deducted.

Were you married in 1950? If you were, your wife's income as far as your exemptions are concerned is only her income after you married her. Suppose your wife earned $1,500 before marriage, $450 afterward. Your married status is affected only by that $450, but since your wife earned $1,950 during the year she herself is taxable as a single person. Suppose she earned $500 before marriage while supported by her father, $400 after marriage while supported by you. Her father can claim her as a dependent for the year (because she didn't earn more than $500 while he was supporting her) and you can also claim married status, since her income as your wife was $400. If you married her at 11.30 p.m. on Dec. 31 you can still claim married status for the full year.

The "notch" provision also applies to dependents' incomes. If your son earned $525 in 1950 you can add $25 to your tax, bringing his income down to $500 where you can claim him as a dependent.

If a wife and husband both pay tax as single persons they can switch their children back and forth as dependents in different years. Either can claim them, whichever method gives them a bigger joint saving.

If a child turns 16 during the year and is no longer entitled to family allowance, even if the birthday is Nov. 30 and he misses only the December allowance, the father can claim $400 exemption as though the child received no family allowance all year. No family allowance in December—$400 exemption; it's as simple as that.

The next obstacle is the line that says "charitable donations." The department is demanding receipts for every cent claimed. And if you are thinking of tossing $500 into your local swimming pool campaign you should check first to see whether the campaign has official departmental sanction. And any private charity, to a neighbor, say, whose house has burned down, is likely to be disallowed. If you plan some big scale philanthropy remember the department will allow charitable donation deductions only up to 10% of net income. You might reduce your income tax considerably by spreading a big donation over two or three years so that each year's charity doesn't go over that 10% maximum.

Now you've reached "medical expenses"—the last spot where you have a chance to pare down your taxable income. Here's hoping you've kept receipts: the tax people will insist on seeing them. The provision for deduction of medical expenses is only for those unfortunates who have had a blizzard of dental, doctor and hospital bills in the same year. You can deduct only the portion that exceeds 4% of your net income. If your net income was $2,500, medical expenses up to $100 are non-deductible, anything over $100 you can claim.

### Check On Your Insurance

But the department's definition of medical expenses is fairly broad. In addition to doctor, hospital and nursing bills, medical expenses can also include payments to dentists, osteopaths, chiropractors, masseurs, drugless therapists. Optometry tests can be charged, but not the cost of glasses. You can include the cost of a wheel chair, artificial limbs, spinal or limb braces, a hearing aid and any equipment, drugs and medicines purchased from a doctor, hospital or nurse (but not from a drugstore). You can lump together all such expenses paid for yourself, wife and dependents. If you or a dependent were confined to a wheel chair or bed for the whole year, or were totally blind for any part of the year, you can include the cost of an attendant other than a nurse.

And watch those accident and sickness policies, or hospitalization plans. If an insurance company or hospitalization plan paid your medical bill for you, it's still deductible. But you can't deduct the premiums you pay.

There's another dodge here. Medical expenses don't have to be for the calendar year of 1950—they can be for any 12-month period ending in 1950. Maybe your expenses for 1949 or 1950 didn't exceed 4% of your income in either year, but if you can jack them up over 4% by including, say, the last three months of 1949 and the first nine months of 1950 you're going to save yourself some money.

For the man operating a business of his own, expenses can slash his tax bill more than anything else.

Tax experts all begin with the same advice — KEEP RECORDS. "You'd be surprised how many men with small businesses have only the scantiest records of what they spend and earn over a year," says A. Cosby Crysler, legal secretary and tax expert of Toronto's Board of Trade. "Then when it's time to make out their income tax form they forget this and that. They start filling in the gaps with guesswork, then if the department demands proof, there isn't any, and the department may disallow many of the expenses."

"Many small businesses grow slowly and the proprietor thinks he is just

making a bare living, not enough to pay tax, and doesn't bother keeping accurate books," another tax consultant told me. "Sooner or later tax officials are going to discover his business listed at a registry office and demand tax returns for two or three years back. He can't prove his expenses or losses and he may be forced to pay a tax that he's sure he doesn't owe."

A Cape Breton grocer started keeping records in 1948 and discovered he had been making a taxable income since 1936. He owed $1,100 tax and had to mortgage his business to pay it.

### Wife's Wages Don't Count

Let's say you have your own small business—a grocery store or insurance agency, or maybe you grow horseradish and can it for sale in your woodshed. Your obvious business expenses such as salaries for hired help, rents, taxes and licenses, you probably won't forget. But what are the less obvious expense charges you can show?

If you use your car for business and pleasure you can charge up to 75% of its operating cost (gas, oil, grease, insurance, washing and parking). But you'd better keep a record with receipts to prove, if you have to, just how much business driving you do. Don't forget to claim depreciation on it too; the new rate since 1949 is 30%. Suppose you are claiming 50% of its operating cost as a business expense. Depreciation, then, is allowed only on the 50% of the car's value which is required in your business.

Salaries paid sons or daughters are legitimate expenses, but a salary paid your wife cannot be deducted.

If you use a room in your home as an office or workshop you can deduct its upkeep costs from the income it brings you. Total up all your residence costs (taxes, insurance, lighting and heating, depreciation, mortgage interest, water and cleaning) and if it is, say, a seven-room house, charge one-seventh of this total against the business. It can possibly save you $25.

If you own a house which you rent, deduct all taxes, depreciation and other costs from rents received before reporting them as income. If you rent rooms in the home in which you live the rental must be reported as part of the owner's income, but if they are two rooms, say, in an eight-room house, you can deduct one quarter of the total residence expenses the same as for a room used as an office.

If you operate a grocery or other retail business and buy food or other personal requirements from yourself, keep a record so that these purchases don't appear as profit-making sales at the end of the year. Many small grocerymen are paying tax on profit they don't receive from $1,000 worth of food or more per year which the wife simply lifts off the shelves and carries back to the kitchen.

And don't forget the small expenses. Lumped together they can form an income tax deduction as refreshing in April as the flowers are in May. Things like subscriptions to business periodicals, bank charges, postage and office supplies can run into three figures in 12 months.

There's another common expense that can run into a high figure in some businesses—cost of entertainment and maintaining favorable public relations with customers and clients. Salesmen writing up big contracts may spend $100 a night on entertainment to soften up the guy who is almost ready to sign. If you are in this class better try to get some receipts, because the $3,000-a-year civil servant in the income tax branch isn't familiar with this level of gay living and he'll probably accuse you of expense padding.

In 1949 a Montreal textile firm deducted $2,416 spent entertaining customers and purchasing Christmas gifts. The tax department refused to allow it. The firm appealed. The expenses included costs of luncheons, theatre and opera parties and receipts could not be produced to support most of the claims, yet the Appeal Board admitted it was a reasonable expense for that type of business and reversed the tax department's decision.

Well, you've now battered that income down as far as the government will let you. The figure you have left is what you pay tax on, or else. So take a pencil in your right hand, smelling salts in your left, and figure out the punishment.

Smelling salts? Sure, you'll need them when you see how much you've saved. ★

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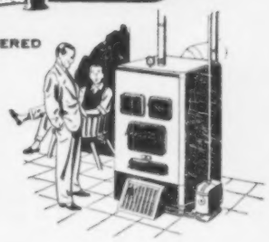

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## Regina's Always Starting Something

*Continued from page 23*

the city has given a majority to all three major parties, and today it sends a Liberal to the House of Commons while its provincial representatives are two CCF members.

Physically the city is plain and undramatic. Squatting on top of a vast expanse of treeless prairie, Regina is table flat. With its grid-style layout you can practically see from one edge of the city to the other along uncurving streets. Buildings are small and unpretentious (only two, the Hotel Saskatchewan and the Legislative Buildings are more than 10 stories).

Methodically planned, the city stacks buildings, homes, three parks, a golf course, exhibition grounds, airport and a man-made lake into an area less than 15 square miles. But unexciting as the topography may seem to the visitor, present-day Regina represents at least one pioneer triumph: thousands of trees, parks and gardens were hand-planted and carefully nursed to maturity.

### Wheat But No Industry

But the most startling landscape accomplishment is teacup-size Wascana Lake, which cuts a fat figure "S" through lush parkland in the city's south end. It was created by damming the "miserable little creek with about enough water to wash a sheep." Running to an average depth of less than six feet, it has always been the object of much mirth by outsiders. However, in 1930 a staunch defender, James Bryant, then Minister of Public Works, built two islands in the pond and a $230,000 bridge at the west edge, giving the 60 acres of water a defiant dignity.

The 900-foot bridge spans a spillway of 80 feet, which probably makes it the longest bridge over the narrowest body of water in the world. But today the lake is the city's pride. It mirrors the face of the Saskatchewan Legislative Buildings and is surrounded by 250 acres of heavily treed and lavishly groomed grounds. The south-shore parking space is one of Regina's few warm-night refuges for perspiring citizens.

Although the pioneer instinct is still very much alive in Regina time has done much to change its expression. In the early days many farmers lived in shacks in the town and traveled each day by buckboard to land outside the townsite. Today many farmers are well-to-do urbanites like tall, modest Edgar Petersmeyer who has an apartment in the city and a house on a 4,800-acre farm which he and three sons operate at nearby Wilcox. In Petersmeyer's case the buckboard has been replaced by a Cadillac, but the gamble is still the same—the annual tussle with nature for a crop.

Regina's annual 40 - million dollar industrial product is one of the lowest per capita in Canada (sister cities Moose Jaw and Saskatoon, with a combined population only slightly larger than Regina's total, produce almost twice as much). From the retailer who orders his Christmas stock with the latest crop report in his free hand to the real estate agent who checks his prospects by the going wheat price, Regina's business life turns on the farmer.

The farmers within a 100-mile radius of the city have an average annual income of close to $200 millions. The Army and Navy, a strictly-cash, heavy-turnover department store, which estimates 80% of its business comes from farm homes, counts many customers who spend $2,000 in a single afternoon. A year ago one prosperous farmer, after inspecting a choice glass-brick, picture-window dwelling, considered for 15 minutes, then laid out $31,000 cash for it.

But even this kind of lavish spending can't erase the memory of 25-cents-a-bushel wheat and 3-cents-a-dozen eggs. During the drought years of 1930-35 so many disillusioned people left the city that the population increased by only 150, despite the influx of thousands of dole-seeking farmers and villagers. Even today the city reacts like a hairspring to farm conditions. Last year Saskatchewan wheat suffered from August frosts and department store mail order buying slumped.

Under the still-sobering influence of the depression and with a large population of low-to-middle income civil servants (2,600 provincial and 1,600 federal government employees), Regina is essentially conservative in money matters. Eighty per cent of the city's workers earn enough to pay income tax, but a provincial cabinet minister's pay ($5,000 a year) is still considered a top-bracket salary.

This spirit of moderation and reserve has sometimes earned the scorn of less inhibited neighbors who believe in upholding some of the livelier traditions of the wild west. When the Regina constabulary locked up Moose Jaw's former mayor, Sam Hamilton, for disturbing the peace he vowed he would never set foot in Regina again. He kept his pledge for years, even though it sometimes meant making difficult train connections to avoid going through Regina's Union Station.

In a city that boasts such accomplishments as a symphony orchestra which plays four concerts a year and breaks even, a 40-year-old conservatory of music and speech that has launched well-known Canadian performers like pianist Muriel Kerr, tenor William Morton, and radio actress Beth Lockerbie, and a flourishing amateur theatre movement, Regina citizens pride themselves on their support of the arts.

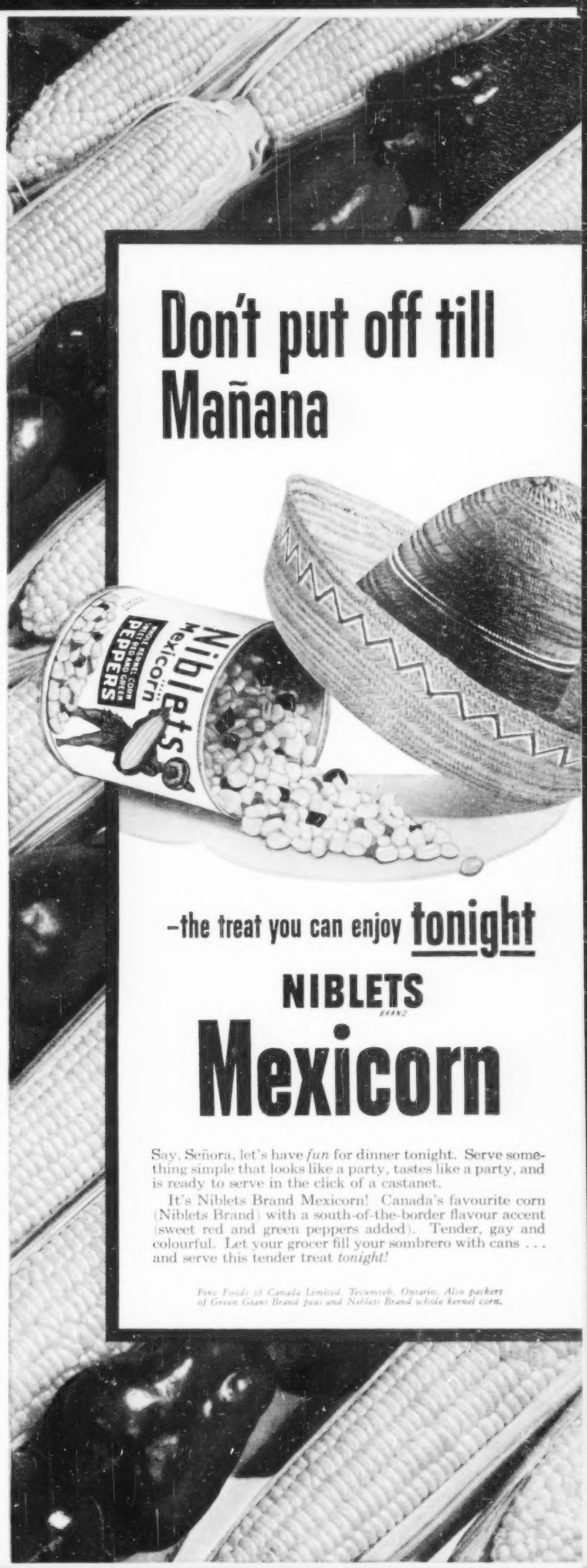
Last spring when promoter Porky Jacobs applied for a permit to stage a match between two female wrestlers touring the province the Boxing and Wrestling Commission turned down the application with the comment: "Lady wrestlers are not cultural."

But Reginans are intrepid sport fans and usually as impervious to athletic adversity as the city itself is to natural handicaps. From 1933 to 1950, Regina Roughriders managed to win only two Western Canada senior football championships but citizens faithfully continued to bankroll losing teams. When a Regina rowing club, trained on homemade Lake Wascana, first turned up at an International Regatta against clubs from Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winnipeg and Kenora, it was a subject for jokes. It ceased to be when the wheat belt oarsmen proved they could win.

The rough and gaudy settlement days have disappeared, but a few old-timers still remember the monumental heap of buffalo bones on the bank of Wascana creek when Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney proclaimed Pile of Bones capital of the Northwest Territories in 1882. Within a few weeks the first enterprising settlers had cleared the bones away and shipped them east for fertilizer.

Bright-eyed, witty Charlie Crossman, at a party on his 90th birthday last year, recalled such relevant historical items as the first train whistle in 1882 which sent the Indians scurrying for cover. Others can tell you about a garrulous Mrs. Hobourg, Regina's first bootlegger, who imported wares

*Continued on page 35*

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*Continued from page 33*

from Winnipeg in a tubular girdle or in a gurgling package wrapped in swaddling clothes.

R. H. Williams, Regina's leading merchant until his death in 1924, gets the credit for warding off a threatened Indian attack by a tribe of braves under Chief Piapot who once attempted to halt the building of the CPR by camping across the line's right of way. Williams held a pow-wow with Piapot and brother chieftains in his downtown store and after a peace-pipe talk sent them packing with a fitch of bacon.

Of all Regina's pioneer tales, however, the most dramatic concerns the halfbreed rebel, Louis Riel. It was on a winter morning in 1885 that Riel dropped nine feet through an abandoned elevator shaft to his execution and an enigmatic place in Canadian history. The night before the execution, Nicholas Flood Davin—founder of Regina's only surviving daily newspaper, the Leader Post—disguised himself as a priest and slipped through Riel's guard for a final statement. Though the famous insurrectionist said nothing startling or profound, Davin's sympathetic story made moving reading, and for the first time in its history, the paper put out a second edition.

Less sensitive was a local merchant who advertised foot-length souvenirs of "the rope that hung Louis Riel" and had to import nearly a ton of hemp from Winnipeg to cover demand.

### They Imported a Church

The Royal North West Mounted Police maintained order in the wide, wild areas for which Regina was capital in the earliest days, and its successor, the RCMP, still is an important factor in the city's life. The establishment on the outskirts includes more than 400 men and usually from 200 to 300 police recruits in a square-mile area of barracks, stables, gymnasium, hospital and a chapel which is said to be the oldest west of Winnipeg.

But even the Mounties, like the pioneers they policed, showed a strange skill and tenacity in laying cornerstones once they settled in Regina. When they decided to erect a chapel, they moved it in sections from Eastern Canada and fashioned the altar and pews themselves.

It was not until the first decade of this century that Regina began to assume the stature and importance that made it the focal point of prairie political and economic life. In 1905 the areas of Alberta and Saskatchewan were divorced from Northwest Territories, and Regina became the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan. That was a time when thousands of settlers were flooding onto prairie farmlands in search of grain fortunes. Regina's population multiplied from 2,000 to 30,000 from 1900 to 1910—years of a real estate bonanza. Because of its pivotal position, it was inevitable that Regina should become the centre and springboard for many of the enterprises and activities that were to affect the destiny of the farmer.

Soon after World War I western grain growers began to murmur with discontent over the way their grain was being marketed—through line elevator companies and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. The fluctuation in market prices, lack of seasonal storage facilities and other hazards started agitation for a farmer-owned and operated grain-handling system. By 1924, with the help of Aaron Sapiro, a California lawyer who helped to set up the huge fruit-grower co-operatives in the U. S., a group of Saskatchewan farmers organized the Wheat Pool.

During a whirlwind farm-to-farm canvass, they put the owners of 60% of the province's cultivated acreage under contract and set in motion an enterprise that was destined to become the largest grain-handling organization in the world. Today the pool has a membership of more than 125,000—a quarter of Saskatchewan's rural population. Twelve hundred grain elevators scattered throughout the province gather upward of 150 million bushels of wheat each year, and the pool's 350 Regina employees look after farmers' interests in everything from teaching their youngsters how to grow crops to clearing up estates of deceased members.

Being the geographic and economic centre of the farm west has made Regina an important battleground of federal politics and the city has produced its share of national political figures. Ex-farmers Charles Dunning and James G. Gardiner made their political start in Regina and it is also CCF Leader M. J. Coldwell's home.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, pledging itself to the "eradication of capitalism," chose Regina City Hall for its first annual convention. Here the members laid down a manifesto dedicating the party to a program of socializing banking, insurance, transportation, communication and electric power production. Eleven years later Reginans saw North America's first socialist government at the Provincial Legislature, a dozen blocks from the original meeting hall.

Six and a half years of CCF government have changed some Saskatchewan minds about socialism (the party dropped 16 seats and 5½% of the popular vote in its successful re-election try in 1948). But Regina's voters returned both their provincial CCF candidates with increased majorities two years ago.

Political arguments are one thing in which Reginans still maintain their old-time spirit. Once, James Gardiner, then leader of the Saskatchewan Liberal opposition, peeled off his coat and charged across the legislative chamber toward Carl Stewart, a Conservative M.L.A. The two were separated before any blows were exchanged but it took the House a day to get back to normal.

Even though present-day Reginans enjoy many physical advantages won by the rugged men who first settled there, they share one hardship in common with the early pioneers—the weather. Braving Regina's weather can prove a test of endurance. The average summer is extremely hot (it has hit 114 in the shade) and the five-month winters are often sub-sub-zero (50 below is not uncommon). Added to this is an almost constant whistling wind.

For all its natural difficulties Regina has made the most of its geography. Step by step the city has turned its ill-favored location to advantage by reducing the natural handicaps. Solution of one of the last and most serious problems, the water shortage, is in sight. Under a recently authorized agreement between the city and federal and provincial governments a limitless new water supply from the South Saskatchewan River may be piped to Regina by 1952. With a reliable water supply the city will probably have more success in attracting the heavy industry needed to stabilize the present all-wheat economy.

As Regina's mild and popular mayor, Garnet Menzies, says: "With the assurance of a plentiful supply of water, not even the most optimistic westerner can predict our future."

Considering the predictions of less than 70 years ago, no one would dare. ✦


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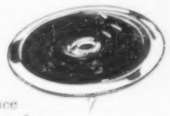

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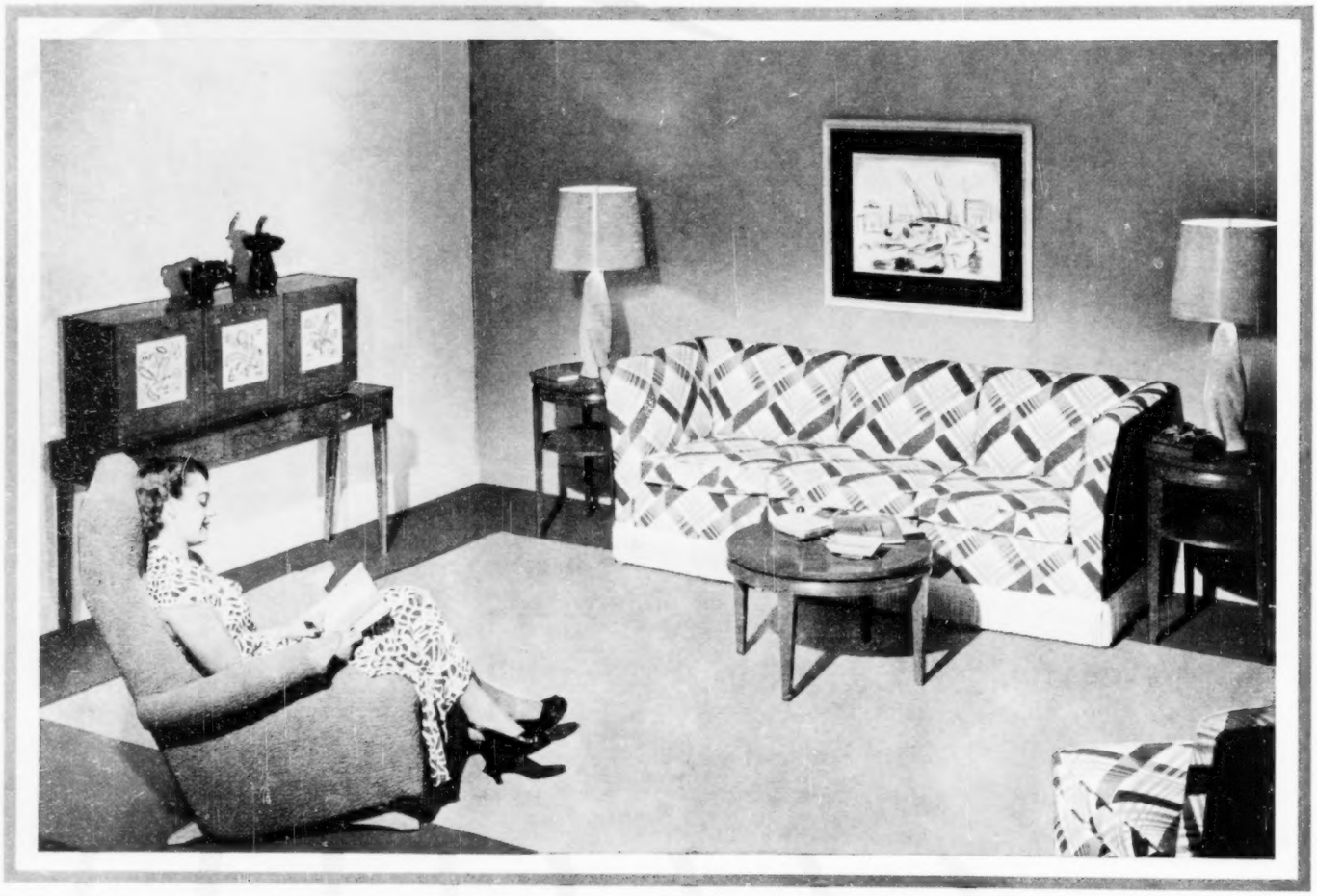

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## Be a Perfect Parent

*Continued from page 11*

time to reason everything through with his kids wouldn't have enough time left to provide food and shelter for them. I've said: "Oh no, Jane! Jimmy didn't kick you because he was *mad* at you. He was just feeling a bit unhappy. His parents are away, and you know how lonesome you get when Daddy and Mummy go away for a night." I found myself explaining that when I said we went away for a night I really meant for a day, explaining that it was just an illustration, explaining what an illustration was, asking, a bit snappishly, "Would you mind letting me say something without interruption *just once!*" being asked how to spell once, spelling it, and being told: "That's what I told Jimmy, and he kicked me."

Most of us are just problem children who have reached the age of 40—jumpy, harassed, and with just enough mental energy to reason our way through a light mystery story. A child, with a brand-new nervous system and a complete indifference to rules will have us swinging at the air if we don't use a few dirty tricks. And one of them is to reserve the right to say: "BECAUSE I SAY SO!"

I remember one time just after I'd read about a Mr. X who had taken his daughter on his knee, snuggled her against his old tweed jacket and explained why he paid more attention to baby brother than to her, I caught Mary carrying a kitten around by its hind leg like a purse. To straighten out this little adventure in misunderstanding I took Mary on my knee and explained it wasn't a good thing to do because it hurt the poor little kitten.

"How would you like it," I reasoned with her, "if Daddy tied a rope around your leg and pulled you up into the air and just left you hanging there?"

"*Will* you Daddy?" Mary asked.

"You wouldn't like it," I said. "Your leg would get very sore, your face would get red, and your eyes would fall out."

"If I tied a piece of rope around a kitten's leg and pulled *him* up in the air, would *his* eyes fall out?"

"Of course they would," I chuckled.

"Can I have a piece of rope, Daddy?"

I eased her away from my old tweed jacket. "You'd better go out and play."

"I want a piece of rope."

"Well, you can't *have* a piece of rope, and if you ask for one again I'll—I won't let you finger-paint this afternoon."

"I don't want to finger-paint this afternoon. I want to pull a cat up in the air with a rope. You said I could."

I'd reached for a book on child psychology and was just about to swat her with it when my wife came back from shopping, got the story all wrong, and asked me acidly: "Is that the only way you can keep them quiet—by offering to let them torture the cat?"

### That Naughty-Word Stage

Child psychology has to be applied in careful, easily grasped steps. If you try too many things at once you'll find them all snapping back at you like elastic bands. One time in a rash of scientific parenthood I decided that my children were lazy, fighting too much and eating too many candies, all at the same time. I decided to cure everything at once. At that time Mary had started using what the psychologists call naughty words. I can't tell you the word Mary favored but it was one used usually on dead car batteries. If I'd used it when I was a boy I'd have got such a belt on the back of my head I'd have been picking porridge out of my eyebrows for a week.

But I ignored it—week after week. Mary used it regularly—skipping, playing jacks and while making little windmills out of her tinker-toy set. It was like watching a Little Golden Book version of "The Picture of Dorian Gray." I began to have visions of Mary, now 18, in a lovely strapless evening gown, leaning over a candle-lit table and saying: "Would you mind passing the ——— salt?"

She also started lying at the same time, so that she'd swear, then look me straight in the eye and say that it was Mummy who said it.

While I was ignoring Mary's bad word I made a rule that both she and Jane were to have candy only on Monday and Friday; that each night they were to clean up their own rooms and hang up all their clothes before 7.30 or I would take a dime off their allowance; and, in an effort to forestall future fights, which I decided arose from the fact that they had no way of getting away from each other, I pronounced what I thought was a Solomonlike decree. "If either one of you wants to play in a room by herself," I said, "all she needs to do is come and tell me." I'm not quite sure yet why I added, "The one who *doesn't* come to me has the first choice of rooms."

### Solomon, You're Slipping!

The next night, hard upon a series of shrieks and crashes and the sound of dolls' heads against little girls' heads, Jane confronted me with: "Mary wants to play by herself in the bedroom, so she's going to keep kicking me until I ask you if I can play by myself, then she's going to say she wants the bedroom."

I'd already forgotten what the rule was but I didn't want to admit my confusion so I asked Jane how *she* would solve this little problem. Her solution was that the one who came to me should have the choice of rooms. It seemed all right to me. Jane chose the living room. Then minutes later Mary came out and announced sweetly that she had picked up all her toys and cleaned up her room. She pointed to the clock and reminded me that Jane had just lost a dime from her allowance.

To go back on the rule was going to put me in the position of a father who showed indecision and lack of character. In a panic I said I wouldn't dock Jane, but Mary could have a candy. My wife called to me that it wasn't candy day, and Mary, in the bedroom, let go with a clearly audible "Oh, ———!"

I got out of the whole thing by promising to let them both play with my typewriter the next night. It turned out to be a wonderful idea and I've used it ever since. Mary used her word on it a few times when the keys got jammed, but the psychologists were right. She did finally stop. My typewriter cost me $85 and they're slowly ruining it. I figure letting them play with it will work out to an extra expense of $5 a year.

But for that I'll get an average of five hours a week peace and quiet and I can do a bit of reading on child psychology. ★

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## Good News From a Traveler

*Continued from page 4*

to clusters of bananas on their heads. I don't know whether our girls' schools still make their pupils balance a plate on their heads when they walk, but they should. The graceful bearing of the Jamaican girl is something that belongs to the world of poetry.

Britain gave the Jamaicans universal suffrage too soon, and on my return to Westminster I shall support any move that a Royal Commission be sent to the island to enquire into the corruption of administration and the wicked attempts to stir up hatred between the blacks and the whites. Even in this paradise, set in a sapphire sea, the machinations of ambitious men bedevil the natural goodness of decent folk.

Yet I left Jamaica with a feeling that I had been with gentle, lovable people—and that in spite of fierce argument at Lord Beaverbrook's table in which Premier John McNair of New Brunswick would quietly meet the onslaught and score without turning a hair, when Canadian Finance Minister Douglas Abbott would proclaim his views with all the confidence of a man who believes in his past and his future, when Paul Martin would take the argument up in a manner that showed us why he is in the running for the ultimate leadership of the Federal Liberal Party, and when Edward Molyneaux, once the fashion king of Paris, would wonder what kind of a cyclone had hit him.

Yes, there was fierce argument by night, even if we went out that selfsame door through which we came.

### A Colored Man to Lunch

I did not intend to visit Nassau but had to make a plane connection there. Air travel has still a degree of uncertainty and we were informed that we would have to spend the night there as the plane from Miami would not arrive until the next morning. But, with admirable courtesy, British Overseas Airways had arranged hotel accommodation for us.

Ah well—there is something rather pleasing in noting that even progress has its inefficient moments. So this was Nassau! Sometimes it is called "the Island of Spivs" because there is no income tax. Since the British can travel there and pay all expenses with sterling it has become the winter playground of the rich, which irritates the social conscience of our Left-wing friends. I don't know why.

Having deposited my belongings at the hotel I considered it an act of courtesy to sign the book at Government House. It was getting dark and when I had concluded that act of perfunctory politeness I would dine, see the island and go to bed.

As it happened the Governor's car swept up to the entrance as I arrived and out got the Governor and his aide-de-camp. Ten minutes later we were drinking a cocktail, 20 minutes later the aide-de-camp sent for my things at the hotel, an hour later we went out for a dinner party being given for His Excellency and at 1 o'clock in the morning I went to bed in a veranda suite of Government House to the accompaniment of distant native voices.

There really are an awful lot of nice people in the world. I was an airways passenger mislaid for a night on an island in the Caribbean. Let us agree that the Governor of the Bahamas, Major-General Robert Neville, is the King's representative and that I am a member of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition—to that extent we work for the same firm—but he could have discharged his duty with one cocktail or even a cup of tea.

"I am going to make a break with tradition," he told me. "I intend next week to invite a colored man to lunch here. He is a Bahamian of high character." Then his eyes twinkled. This governor will leave his stamp upon the Bahamas.

I was only in Miami for three hours and did not see the famous beach but already the neon civilization of the American age is commercializing and uglifying its palm-tree elegance. The motor cars patrol the streets in an endless cavalcade and the shops and restaurants bid for the tourist dollar with increasing efficiency and intensity. There are beautiful homes and elegant avenues but one feels that, like the Bourbons, they belong to the spacious past.

Perhaps I was prejudiced, but the unspoiled beauty of Jamaica had left me unprepared for this Los-Angeles-on-Sea called Miami.

The plane to New York was like a long railway car with rows of seats divided into three on the right and two on the left. Five hours of sitting beside a man one does not know, five hours of complete immobility and nothing to see. Airplane travel is the swiftest but the most boring method of transport ever intended.

Yet, even as I thought these harsh things, we circled over the Hudson at night with gleaming necklaces of light marking the streets and avenues of incomparable New York. You could not see such glory from a train or the deck of a ship. Perhaps it was worth that turgid five hours in the plane to soar like an eagle over the glittering Babylon of the West.

An hour later I was in bed being lulled to sleep by the symphony of New York traffic scored only for horns. The lapping of the waves in far-off Jamaica, the lazy singing of the natives, the sibilant silence of the Caribbean nights . . . slowly they faded before the traffic symphony.

New York was in a hurry. It always is.

Each time I come to New York I find myself offended by its cynicism and startled by its naïveté. The real New Yorker is a human paradox, a credulous creature who believes in nothing, a cynic who is easily moved to tears, a patriot who mocks his own country, a seeker and waster of wealth, an isolationist with his roots in the Old World, a harsh critic of Britain and a generous host to any visiting Britisher, the guarantor of world peace with a secret longing to go fishing and let the world look after itself.

What an incredible city it is; what a mad, fascinating, irritating, imposing, place! I lunched with Roy Howard, the multiple newspaper king, at a club a mile or so in the air and watched the motor cars like two endless lines of beetles. Then we saw a tiny ship like something in a doll's playhouse, the quaintest, smallest toy ship you ever saw. And now I am writing on that ship as the great liner rolls its way home to England.

I come away more grateful than ever for the role America is playing in the world, but more convinced than ever that we cannot leave the civilized world to American leadership.

She needs the experience and wisdom of wise old John Bull and his sons who have set up branches across the seas. Against American impetuosity we must balance the instinct of the Britisher who knows the meaning of a misty moon and can tell when there's rain on the hills. When America thinks that something has happened for the first time the Britisher must remind him that there is nothing new in the world and that there is a precedent for almost everything.

In a few hours I shall be back in London Town and will make my way to the old Mother of Parliaments to see how she has weathered the parliamentary recess. When I get a chance to speak I wish I could possess the courage to turn to the Chair and say:

"Mr. Speaker, I have returned to this House after traveling many thousands of miles, and I bring great news. Goodness and kindness have not died. Everywhere in all lands there are decent human beings, children of God though they be of different color and of many tongues. The human heart still beats and the human conscience is awake. Let this House take courage, Mr. Speaker. Humanity is on the march."

The strange thing is that the Mother of Parliaments would understand, even though Mr. Speaker might take the view that it had nothing to do with the subject under discussion. ★


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**Patricia McFarlane,** Ottawa artist, says: "Noxzema keeps my hands soft and smooth—even through our hard winters. I use this *greaseless* cream regularly, and find it more effective than any other I've tried. It's the perfect cream for my skin, which has a tendency to become dry and chapped."

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## The Hex-Man

*Continued from page 12*

shoulders and promised her the moon on a platter.

"Us'll kill 100 swordfish," Willie said heartily, and a fine, upstanding boy he was, with his rubber coat thrown open and his cap pushed back on his curly head. "Peg, us'll sail along home wid' Glace Bay coal for ballast and a cargo o' stores, and more cash money than the bank's laid eyes on at one toime!"

That bringing no comfort, he tried a different tack. "Why, Peggy my love, Oi'll buld a house for the old lady. Her can live there snug by her lone, and won't that be better than in our ould lenny wid' the rain and the snow water leaking through upon she?"

"Mama likes the lenny because it's near m-m-me," Peggy Doyle sobbed. "All it needs, Willie, is for you to plim up the roof." The tears rained faster, for she had more than a suspicion why her man had snatched her so sudden from Faralong Bay. "I can see her now, cold and hungry, with her chilblains hurting and her shawl huggled round her shoulders—Oh, my poor, dear mother!"

"It's July, not winter," Willie told her reasonably. "Does it rain, there's pots and kittles to catch the drip. And she's got one cask o' tom-cod and another o' cheeks and tongues to keep her eating loike a seal. Oi've took this trip because o' she," he said, the Lord's own truth in a nest of big black lies, "and it's of yer ma Oi'll think each time a broadbill comes under my iron."

He gave his wife's shoulder a pat and a squeeze, and told her most kindly, "Now down below wid' ye, Peg, and set the salt junk on to bile. When us comes home, her'll be the happiest ould body on all the shore, the things Oi'll do to please she."

The tears stopped flowing then, and Peggy Doyle looked up at her husband with a tremulous smile. "I do believe you mean it," she said, and gave him his first proper kiss since leaving Faralong Bay.

"Every word of it," said Willie, and stood with the lie on his lips and devil a grain of sorrow in his heart while that deluded young girl took herself below.

HER yellow head had no more than bobbed down the hatch when Willie Doyle heard a scratting against the schooner's side. He turned that way, thinking in his foolishness, "Here's one o' thim Bluenose boys pulled over for a gam. And Mike Finnigan telling Oi they was standoffish!"

He looked over, still pleasuring himself with thoughts of the house he hoped to build for his wife's mother—six feet under with earth atop—and what did he see but a gopher scarce bigger than a chip, and in it a little old scrunched-up man with a bald head that had the shine of a skull in that late light. The clothes to his back were rags and tags, and he raised a weasel face.

"Sheer off," Willie Doyle ordered him, not liking what he saw. "Oi want no truck wid' ye!"

"Pay me my due, Newfie!" the little man cried up to him, and from over his shoulder Willie heard the voice of big Mike Finnigan, who was all his crew, in a quavery echo. "Pay he, Willie. Pay quick an' be done wid' he!"

"A case of beer," said the little old raggedy man. "And since ye've been saucy to Augustus Adolphus Shriever, the beef out of the pot for my repast."

"Us has no beer aboard," Willie told him with a grin, "and won't have till Oi've ironed us a fish. But it just so happens Oi've a little something to tide ye along."

With that he stooped for a bucket of ash still hot from the galley, and upped it and emptied it over Gusdolph Shriever's head.

The hex-man yowled like a scorched cat, a live coal having dropped down his shirt, and lept to his feet a-pawing and a-clawing, and out of the gopher he tumbled. When he popped up alongside, his head looked more like a skull than ever, with the wet streaming from it.

Not a word did he say, just hooked a skinny arm over the gopher's gunwale and gave Willie Doyle a long and steady stare. It seemed to Willie, grinning down, that he showed more of his eye-whites than most, but otherwise there was nothing special about that stare.

"Now, mister," said Willie, "Oi've given ye yer due, so off wid' ye!"

Behind him he heard a *tick-tack-tock* like a halyard rapping on a mast. It was the sound of Mike Finnigan's teeth chattering and his knees knocking together. For though he would fight Bluenoses three at a time if need be, Mike had sailed this way before, and knew what was like to happen to them that served Gusdolph Shriever so.

"He's put the Look on ye," was all big Mike could say. "*He's put the Look on ye, b'y.*"

"Hell, and the ould crow can look himself cross-eyed," said Willie, "just so he keeps clear of me vessel."

He turned with his mind on his supper, and a thing caught his eye and stayed him. The ash bucket sat upside down upon the deck. Now in all his time afloat, and he had gone his first trip when he lacked the heft of a steaker codfish, Willie Doyle had never dropped a bucket that lubberly way before. He crossed his fingers to patch the luck, and righted the bucket in a hurry, then swaggered off to see was his supper ready.

Peggy's face was pink and her eyes were round, and she stood mighty puzzled by the galley stove.

"Willie," she said, "look in that pot."

He cracked the lid an inch or two and squinted through the steam. The salt junk was cutting didoes as if the pot had a little tide all its own. First that morsel of corned beef would be tap-tapping against the lid, then the water would ebb till it was near aground.

"It's against nature, that's what it is," said Peggy Doyle. "You watch the pot, Willie, while I take it up with mother."

She hadn't been gone a breath when the salt junk was setting in a dry pot. Willie poured in more water, and it spun into a whirlpool that was uncommon like an eye staring up at him. Then the pot was dry and his supper burning.

He was batting smoke from in front of his face with one hand and sluicing water with the other when his wife returned. No sooner was she back when the tide in the pot came up like the Fundy bore.

Peggy pushed her husband away right smartly. "Willie Doyle," she said, "you clumsy man! You've got two left hands, I do believe, and six thumbs on each!"

Scolding at him so, she reminded him a sight too much of her mother—and that brought something to mind he had lacked the time to deal with.

"Peg," he said, "yer ma's a long haul across the Strait. Now how can ye be taking anything up wid' she?"

His wife's face turned pinker, and she drooped her lashes over her sweet blue eyes. "I hadn't meant to tell you, Willie," she said. "I was afraid you'd think me a silly goose. But when

anything happens to bother me, I go off by myself and think hard on dear mother, and it's almost as if I could hear her voice telling me what to do."

"And what did that—what did dear mother advise ye to do about a salt junk wid' the devil into it?" Willie asked.

"Oh, I couldn't tell you that!" said Peggy. "It's a secret, just between us women."

ALL WHILE he was munching his supper, Willie Doyle studied on what Peggy had told him. The longer he had it over, the less it pleased him. For one thing, he didn't fancy his wife having secrets from him, and for another this hankeypank about Peggy conversing with her ma made it seem as if the old toad-sculpin was right aboard the schooner with them, shawl, chilblains, tongue and all. And for still another, he didn't much like the way Mike Finnigan had took to treating him, cutting his eyes sideways at him and swallowing six times for each bite, as if he sat next to someone with smallpox.

Except for the schooner dragging her hook and ending up with her nose in the daisies, and Willie's bunk tick being prickly as if stuffed with cockleburrs, the night passed quiet enough. Morning broke fair and off they went, out from Croaker's Hole to hunt for broadbill swordfish on the wide blue sea.

They had run scarce an hour, sails furled and auxiliary engine ticking easy, when Peggy Doyle spotted a fin from her place in the crow's-nest. Willie gave the wheel to Mike Finnigan and scampered out to the stand, and there he waited with the pike in his hands while the schooner crept up on the broadbill. He was traveling into the eye of the sun, cruising along slow and lazy with his gob full of herring. A proper brute of a fish he was, and young Willie Doyle shook out the bibby-line with a chuckle for the hundred dollars to be made so easy.

His arm was raised for a jab when the water began to spin in a little whirlpool. The whirl spun faster and faster, with the sun shining into it, and it seemed to Willie that an eye stared up at him, an eye that showed a deal more white than most.

He lowered his arm and wiped his sleeve across his own eyes to clear them. But when he looked again the whirl still spun and the eye still stared up at him.

"Strike him, Willie!" begged a voice in his ear, and there was his Peggy, down from the crow's-nest and balancing on the narrow stand behind him. "Willie, are you daft? *Strike him, strike him!*"

"How in hell can Oi strike what Oi can't see?" Willie cried.

That spunky girl snatched the pike from her husband's hands. The whirl flattened sudden as it had come, and there was the broadbill, 12 foot long and six hundred pounds weight, finning beneath their bows as if he hadn't a care in the world. Peggy fired the pole over Willie's shoulder, her that couldn't put a worm on a hook without squeaking, and she ironed that broadbill fair and true, a foot behind the head. The fish sounded, the warp ran smooth as silk from its coil, and big Mike Finnigan grabbed the little red keg at its end and heaved it overside. Then Mike was off to launch the dory and chase the bouncing keg, for with the arms and back that big man had, it was his job to haul their fish when ironed.

Young Willie watched with his mouth hanging open. Peggy slipped her hand into his and gave him a loving squeeze. "I'm sorry, darling," she said to him. "I only did what mother told me to."

They ran up cautious on Mike Finnigan, where he stood in the dory hauling on the line. Of a sudden the warp took a sag. Then the dory lept in the water and Mike lept too, clapping his hands to his hinder parts with a cry could be heard clear over to Faralong Bay. He had hauled too hard, the fool. The fish had charged as broadbill will, and it had shoved four foot of sword through the dory's bottom and big Mike Finnigan's as well.

Right then, Willie Doyle begun to repent of his fun with old Gusdolph Shriever.

*Ye shouldn't of done it, b'y*, he told himself as they picked Mike out of the sea. *Ye shouldn't of done it. Look what's happened to Finnigan, and him only an innocent bystander, loike!*

AS HE'D suspicioned, this was no more than the start of it. They left Mike Finnigan in hospital rueing the day he'd gone shipmates with Willie Doyle, and out they sailed to try the consequence once more. But week after week, from Louisbourg all up along to Cape North, the story was the same. Did they raise a fin, there was that white-rimmed eye spinning and dazzling under the pulpit so that Willie couldn't see was it shark or broadbill or even a fish at all. And did Peggy iron and Willie push off to haul, the hex-man's spite still stuck like tar to his back. An oar would break or the dart pull out; or if that didn't happen the quarter-inch warp would part like a whisp in Willie's hands. It got so he couldn't even land them a halibut for chowder, and he a lad had pulled in a double dory on Sambro and the Grand when still a tyke. Nor was that the full sum of their misfortune, because the word had got round among the fleet, and they had only to drop hook in any harbor or cove or pocket and the Bluenoses would cast off and run as if trapped on a lee shore with a tempest hauling down.

Now all this time they were eating up their stores and paying out of the cashbox for new gear or a cask of engine fuel, or for comforts to ease Mike Finnigan where he lay suffering, on his front, in his hospital bed ashore. There came a day toward the end of swordfishing season when their last dollar was spent and the vessel deep in debt for fuel, and a measly little harbor pollack had just stripped the hook off Willie Doyle's line. He had tied that hook with the ganging knot which never slips, and when the knot did slip in spite of all, Willie slung his hat upon his deck and stamped on it. Then he rounded upon his wife, who was catching harbor pollack alongside him like billy-be-damned.

"Oi've no luck, Peg," he cried. "No luck at all, I tell ye, and it's her fault entoirely!"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## Father Knows Everything

The questions that I asked were these:
Why are trees tall? Why have dogs fleas?
The answers are—it's what Dad said—
"Don't pester me" and "Go to bed."

—*Nicholas MacLeod*

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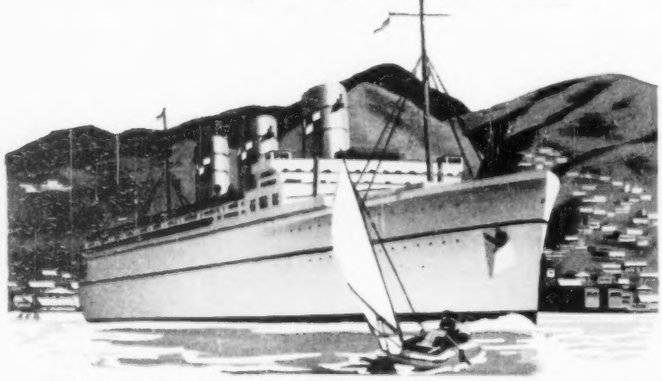

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"Whose fault, Willie?" Peggy asked him in great surprise.

"Why, yer ma's fault, that's whose," he roared at her, and gave his hat a kick lifted it near to the crosstrees. "If it hadn't been for she, us'd be snug home to Faralong Bay this minute —the scrimshankin' ould witch!"

Peggy Doyle was one to stick by her man through fat and lean, but she loved her mother too, and what with her delicate condition and the bitter hard work and the worry and lonesomeness, she fair blew up in Willie's face.

"William Doyle," she cried at him with the tears starting up in her eyes, "don't you dare speak of my poor mother so! Maybe she is a witch, but she's a white witch that's never done anyone aught but good!"

"Lot o' good her's done Oi!" Willie muttered. But his wife was no longer there to hear. She had taken herself off belowdecks—bound, Willie guessed, to take the matter up with her mother.

He turned, mighty grim, to Peggy's fishing line, which hung down with a fish jigging and tugging at its end. He fetched it up hand over hand, and when he had that fat little pollack near in his grasp, the ganging knot let go. He scowled down into the spinning water-eye that mocked him, but thoughtfully, for a notion had been drilling its way through the bone of his stubborn head.

At last he had begun to see why all that his wife touched was lucky. Her ma was looking out for her—that little old lady was setting home in her rocker at Faralong Bay with her shawl on her shoulders, guarding her daughter from the backwash of the hex-man's spite. The way the water in the salt junk pot had seesawed from clam tide to spring tide was just one token of the tug-of-war between his mother-in-law and Augustus Adolphus Shriever.

That was the answer, and more fool he not to have found it before. He stood in bright sunshine thinking of Gusdolph Shriever cracking off the hexes like a man at work on his winter's wood, and for all the heat of the afternoon, little cold shivers played a tune along his spine. He needed help, did young Willie Doyle, and he needed it right bad.

He picked up his hat and slowly he crossed the deck, and dropped down to where his Peggy sat with a dreamy look upon her face and her chin into her hands.

"Peg, me darlin'," he said, twirling the hat on his finger, "Oi miscalled yer ma in anger, and it's sorry Oi am. I'd take it kindly if while yer chatting wid' she, ye'd just sneak in a word or two for Oi."

"I've tried," Peggy told him, sorrowful and low. "I've been trying for weeks, but it isn't a bit of use. Every time I get round to you, it's as if a fog had rolled up betwixt mother and me." She gave him a sad ghost of a smile, and said, "But I'll try this one last time if you want me to, Willie."

She sat for the longest time, stirring no more than a mouse, but at last she sighed and shook her yellow head. "I can't get through," she told him. "It's that fog again, and there's the strangest buzzing in my ears."

"Not in yer ears," said Willie, with his foot on the step and his head cocked to listen the better. "It's wind, that's what it is." He hearkened again to the breeze that hummed through their rigging. "Peg," he said, "ye'd best make all fast below, then get to work on yer ma. Us is in for a dusting!"

HE SKIPPED up on deck, and the wind was something a man could lean into. The sky had turned the color of a lemon kept overlong, and by the clammy feel of the air, he knew the bottom was tumbling out of the barometer. He squinted forward, and a Cape Islander was pitching and tossing toward the gut of the hole where they lay. Then the Bluenose skipper saw what schooner rode there, and he put his wheel hard over, near swamping in the trough, and headed out to sea. The sky rumbled and crackled with thunder, lightning both sheet and fork began to play, and Willie Doyle knew Gusdolph Shriever had brewed his biggest hex, and was out to finish him off.

But even in this pass, devil a bit did Willie's heart soften toward his mother-in-law. He nursed his wicked spite still, just as he had nursed it even while asking Peggy to put in the good word for him, and when he thought of that old body cozy and safe in his house at Faralong, he wished the rocker might crack into flinders under her.

He paid the stern line into the dory and he pulled ashore through the bristling chop. He made the line fast to the butt of a stout pine tree, then he kedged out his anchor, a bower that would keep a liner safe, and dropped it where it would bite and hold through any weather. Then he rowed back lively to the schooner, grinning to think how Gusdolph Shriever would huff and puff and vex and hex, and all in vain.

Night hauled down with the gale still roaring like the Bulls o' Bashan. Many a fine boat would be hard aground by morning, but never his schooner, thought young Willie Doyle as he made a high supper of the pollack Peggy had caught. Maybe it was part of the hexing or maybe his troubles had addled his brain, for though this was a night for a deck watch if ever, what does the silly man do but tumble into his bunk after supper and off to sleep in a minute.

A most enormous crash woke him. It came again, and he knew the stove was adrift and trying to batter its way through the sides. The schooner rolled fit to show her keel, and fell off with a sideslipping lurch that fetched Willie from his blankets in a standing jump. The hair crawled on his head, for he knew by that ugly motion that his ground tackle wasn't holding.

He rousted Peggy out of her sleep, poor lamb, and left her to start the engine while he boiled up to the deck in his small clothes. The hole was seething like a kettle; their anchor had dragged full 20 fathom; and he looked astern in time to see a lightning fork knock the pine that held his stern line into kindling wood. The surf was grinding its teeth under the schooner's counter when the engine took hold, and inch by inch they pulled away.

But before he could unclench his teeth from his heart and draw a proper breath, the engine began to sputter. Right then, Willie Doyle remembered the tide in the salt junk pot, and he knew sure as if he could see into the tank that his fuel was ebbing that very way.

The shock of it drove the spite clean out of him. He opened his mouth against the gale and bawled like a calf with a bear about to grapple it.

"Ma-in-law!" he bawled. "Ma! Lend Oi a hand!"

The wind was his only answer. The engine sucked and chattered and the schooner fell back a fathom, and Willie cupped his hands to his mouth and bellowed louder still:

"Ma!—*Oh Ma!*"

With that a strange thing happened. He saw as if it were a picture before him the old lady stirring in her bed over home at Faralong Bay. She opened one eye, and the look it gave him shriveled his bones. Not a word did he hear, but a thought come flitting across the Strait to circle his head.

"Willie Doyle, ye've wished Oi in

me grave once too often. Oi'll not stir a finger to save ye, ye whelp!"

"But it's not just Oi," Willie wailed in his terror. "Yer daughter's aboard, Ma, remimber? Ye'd not let Peggy drown, now would ye?"

"Her will step ashore wid'out wetting a toe of her feet."

Willie saw his mother-in-law hump her shoulder and turn back to sleep as best she could for the rain that dripped through the lenny roof, and his heart smote him with true regret.

"Ma," he shouted, "it's sorry Oi am for me unkind ways. Get us out o' this and Oi'll be a proper son to ye, I swear it! Oi'll keep every promise ever Oi made on your account, and a deal more besides Oi'll do for ye."

His mother-in-law sat up in her bed and dashed a drip of rainwater from her nose. She fumbled into her slippers, and while the thought that reached him was a mumbling grumbling one, it did give him a speck of hope.

"Ye'll plim the roof, Willie?"

"Ye shall have a new roof, Ma. A whole new lenny."

"And treat me wid' proper love and affection?"

"Oi'll kiss ye each morning. Tea in yer bed ye'll have, Ma, and a hot brick to yer feet when nights grow cold."

"Me specs need fixin'."

"Us'll buy ye new specs," Willie promised. The schooner dragged another fathom, and he shouted, "Wid' rims o' gold, Ma, if thim's yer fancy!"

"Oi've always wanted gold rims to me specs!" was the thought that came back to him.

Then the picture dimmed in a scud of rain, and the engine took hold strong and steady.

Through the rain Willie saw his wife staggering toward him. "Take the wheel, Peg," he called to her. "It's cut and run, me love, yer dear ma's own wise word to Oi!"

So they cut and they ran, and they clawed past St. Paul Island with the hex-man's gale still blowing, and they ran till they raised the shores of Newfoundland. Of a sudden, then, the schooner was out of those great seas, in a place of choppy water all torn and twisted by rips and whirls and eddies. And there before them were half the broadbill of the oceans, finning and sporting and slashing into the herring schools with their swords. Willie Doyle ducked out to the stand and freed his pike from its lashings. Wherever he looked were great fat broadbill, and now there was no spinning white eye to dazzle and blind him. He ironed fish till their every keg was overside and not a dart was left in the vessel. He hauled fish till the moon rode high, and all the while the love in his heart for his mother-in-law kept growing till he could hardly wait to come home to her.

ONLY first," the skipper said, "they went back to Cape Breton and sold their catch and paid their debt, Newfoundlanders being right honest people. They came home to Faralong Bay with a winter's coal for ballast and the finest stores money could buy, and because he remembered the old lady set store by canned crushed pineapple, Willie Doyle loaded her a case for her own special eating."

"How about the lenny?" I asked. "Did he fix that lenny?"

"Fix it?" The skipper closed his fan with a snap and tossed it to the striker. "Here, send this to your girl . . . Fix it? Why, mister, you can sail from Stormy Point clear round the Island and you'll not find another lenny with knotty-pine paneled walls and indoor plumbing."

The striker reached for his pencil and began to write. He wrote without check or stay till he had filled the sheet, and was licking an envelope when something scraped furtively against the hull. We went out, the skipper and I, and a gopher bobbed below us. In it was a little scrunched-up baldheaded man who tilted a weasel face.

"I'll have me due, Captain," he said without conviction.

"Fetch him a bottle of beer," the skipper told me. He said kindly to the man below, "Been raining three days now, Gusdolph. Think you might do something about it?"

"I've tried," said the hex-man, and his voice wabbled into a whine. "I've tried meself dizzy, Captain, but me powers ain't what they used to be. I can't raise enough blue sky to make a bayman a pair o' pants!" ★

"I'll say this much for Mrs. Imluk, she certainly has a green thumb."

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Eleven years later the first "colonial" branch of the Red Cross in the British Empire was formed in Canada. The General Ryerson who had patched together the flag at Batoche was *elected* chairman of the executive. Even in their humanitarian efforts, the men of Canada *demanded* democratic procedure.

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Waterfront of the Town of York (now Toronto) in 1832
Gooderham & Worts Mill in foreground

# The Battered Boss of Windsor

*Continued from page 17*

they confirmed a tie-up between Windsor bookies and a "big-time gangster syndicate in the States," which, they said, had already resulted in the abrupt disappearance of two men and the revenge shooting of a third.

This brought swift action by Ontario's attorney-general Dana Porter. The Essex County crown attorney was retired, along with two out of three members of the Windsor Police Commission. Then the new commission held an enquiry of its own and retired both the chief of police and his deputy.

This left "Li'l Arthur, the Playboy Mayor"—as cantankerous Windsor Star columnist Dick Harrison calls Reaume—just about the only familiar face in sight. "By statute the mayor, so long as he holds office, must remain as a police commissioner," the attorney-general noted, "so his retirement is out of the question."

### $11,000 to Probe a Ball

If not retired Reaume was certainly retiring throughout the departmental investigation conducted by the new commission; he had scarcely a word to say. This behavior contrasted sharply with his reaction to a royal commission which investigated the affairs of the city-owned Metropolitan General Hospital in 1949.

The hospital investigation arose flaming out of a photographers' ball in Detroit attended by several hundred people including the hospital superintendent, Horace E. Atkin, his old friend and a member of the hospital board of governors, Arthur J. Reaume, and four Metropolitan nurses

The probe cost Windsor $11,000, filled columns and columns of the Windsor Star over a period of seven months, and avid taxpayers pronounced it worth every penny and every word.

Judge Eric W. Cross, the one-man royal commission, concluded that "the evidence discloses no improprieties, no immoderation of food or drink, no light amours, no scenes of passion. To the scandal seekers it was almost unbelievably dull."

However, Judge Cross declared that "it was improper and indiscreet for ... two married men to entertain unchaperoned in a suite in a Detroit hotel four nurses from the hospital where one was the chief executive officer and the other a member of the board of governors."

The judge recommended the firing of the superintendent and a reorganized board which would no longer include the mayor. Both recommendations were adopted. However, he pointed out that while he had criticized Reaume's conduct as a member of the hospital board "I have refrained from comment as to his conduct as mayor. As to what standards the citizens of Windsor expect from their mayor it is for them to pass upon."

The mayor's social life was exposed to publicity in the hospital flare-up, but his business interests also brought discussion once in city council.

### Fireworks at City Hall

The year before last Reaume and his brother Ernie built a $160,000 bowling alley and snack bar, called the Campus, on Wyandotte St. W. Businesswise, the location was ideal—right at the entrance to the Ambassador bridge and nudging the Assumption College playground. When it transpired that Windsor's proud new zoning ordinance prohibited all commercial building in the area the bylaw was amended to change the Campus site from a "green area" to "C3"—the lowest commercial classification.

"I didn't even know about it myself until council had passed it along with a list of other changes," said one of the staff of the Windsor Area Planning Board. The matter caused brief fireworks in city council when Controller Ernie Atkinson declared, "Why, you could bowl one through the back wall into somebody's living room!"

After the hospital probe Dick Harrison thundered in his "Now" column in the Star: "Li'l Arthur's meteoric course has definitely come to an end. Bright, personable, clever, suave, handsome, willing to shake hands with everybody ... he has represented Windsor as it *was*. Representing Windsor as it *is*, however, is somebody else's job."

Prophet Harrison must have nodded his head sagely when 1950's police probe broke on top of 1949's hospital scandal, but came election day in December and Li'l Arthur's meteoric ride missed the ditch by 16 votes. Apparently Windsor-as-it-is isn't yet quite a match for Windsor-as-it-was.

Windsor is a patchwork of religious and racial minorities. Economically, the city that has manufactured 3,370,000 motor cars recognizes a clear division between management and labor. Politically, it is at one and the same time a compact Canadian community and a sliver-sized suburb of a booming American metropolis.

### Friends Across the Border

The inhabitants of this border melting pot seem to realize that they must get along together to survive, and in none is this instinct surer than in Art Reaume. By birth he is almost a symbol of racial and religious equality. His father was of French Catholic extraction, his mother's family English Protestant. "My brother Ernie's an Anglican!" declares the mayor with delight, "and I'm a Mick."

Reaume's political footwork keeps him in step with all factions—at least most of the time. Raised in a working-class district, he can preside urbanely at the opening of Birks' new diamond shop, but he's the best picket the unions have when there's a strike. He reacted with horror once when a political opponent suggested Canadians would like to join the United States, but he extends an untiring hand-across-the-border. Both the mayor of Detroit and the governor of Michigan were among the guests in Reaume's suite at the photographers' ball.

The river that glides between Windsor and Detroit looks about as wide as Winnipeg's Portage Ave., and slow-moving lake freighters seem to elbow their way between the buildings as they head through town from Lake Huron to Lake Erie. Every day Windsorites and Detroiters visit back and forth—calling on relatives, attending each other's colleges, shopping in each other's stores. Many smuggle cigarettes from the States to Canada and a few smuggle high-graders' gold the other way. Culture seekers cross the border to attend the theatre and concert hall, the entertainment-hungry to sample each other's night clubs and bars, the sinful to patronize bookie joints, bootleggers and brothels. In its illicit aspects trade of late years is reported to be largely in Windsor's favor.

Having a muscular, wealthy Yank for a big brother makes Reaume's city industrious, confident and hungry for uplift as well as fun.

Windsor boasts the highest average

pay-cheques in Canada and, instead of the usual rural-flavored fall fair, the city holds an annual industrial exhibition to spotlight the things it makes—penicillin, paints, playing cards and dozens of other things besides motor cars.

Windsor has a boys' choir which is annually featured in Detroit's choral festival and this city stages a lively music festival of its own every spring. A determined symphony orchestra and a hard-working Little Theatre group flourish. Art and handicraft lectures draw good crowds.

Windsor is also expansive, easygoing and tolerant. The housewife who draws your attention to the finer features of the city's life ("Writers never bother with these things!"), a moment later breaks into a chuckle. "But say," she exclaims, "I must tell you about yesterday when I went to the door to pay the bootlegger for the beer. I call the bootlegger, you see, because he gives faster delivery than brewers' retail. Well, as he went back to his car I saw a policeman sitting right in the front seat, riding around with him!"

From the window of his downtown office a businessman waves a hand toward the Detroit tunnel entrance and says: "We've always taken our children across the river to see a show on Sunday. Why should we be hypocrites when we're on this side?" Windsor has no Sunday shows but voted two years ago for Sunday sport.

In a Windsor dining lounge the waiter almost never expects you to order food with your cocktail (as required by law) unless you're really hungry. Licensed roadhouses outside town will serve you a highball with your Sunday dinner—another infraction.

"But, hell!" says the same businessman, "I can't remember a time when Windsor didn't have easy drinks, horse parlors and a few bawdyhouses. We never used to think there was much harm in it. But I'll admit I don't like these reports about Windsor getting mixed up with 'big-time gangster syndicates' or these rumors of graft."

"These reports," plus the recent series of investigations and retirements of public officials, have set more and more Windsorites wondering just how tolerant a city can get and stay healthy. And this mounting feeling has inevitably been directed against the man who as mayor must assume final responsibility for civic morals as well as civic administration.

Art Reaume's Windsor was created by a provincial act of 1935 which amalgamated the four "border cities" of East Windsor (Ward 1), Walkerville (Ward 2), Windsor (Wards 3 and 4) and Sandwich (Ward 5). All had defaulted their bonds early in the depression and the five-way marriage was blessed with a dowry debt of $36 millions. War and postwar prosperity has permitted the Reaume administration to pay off all but $16 millions. This has required strait-jacket financing which doesn't permit any luxuries.

Among other things, Windsor economics account for the patched-up state of most Windsor streets. Over these the mayor's sporty black Ford bobbles as he heads north down Ouellette—Bordertown's main street—and then turns right along the riverfront for a swing through the east end. Here the first settlers marked out their long narrow farms soon after Cadillac founded his French fur-trading post on the other side in 1701 and called it Detroit. But it wasn't till 1904, when Henry Ford crossed the river to set up a Canadian branch factory to make his Model T, that Windsor got a firm grip on the future.

The mayor's Ford noses along the edge of Ford's 240 acres (129,000 cars and trucks a year, 14,260 employees, annual payroll $44 millions) in what was first called Ford City and later East Windsor, before it became Ward 1. Here occurred one of the greatest crises of Reaume's career when, in 1945, the police commission of the day—Mayor Reaume dissenting—called in 250 provincial police and Mounties during the 99-day auto workers' strike.

### "Canada Belongs to All"

In protest the strikers barricaded the plant with 1,000 cars. Windsor police couldn't break the blockade and Mayor Reaume conjured up such visions of riot and bloodshed should outsiders take a hand that Ontario and Dominion governments scarcely let the Provin ials and Mounties step outside their makeshift Windsor barracks.

Three days later the strikers were talked into abandoning the traffic blockade, with Art Reaume doing much of the talking, and both sides agreed to arbitration. This led to settlement of the strike by the famous Rand formula for union security.

That was when the United Automobile Workers made Reaume an honorary member and that's why the three UAW locals have always solidly endorsed Reaume's election—with some signs of revolt in 1950. Windsor businessmen sometimes feel that Reaume in turn endorses organized labor too wholeheartedly. Once, speaking to an auto workers' rally, Reaume declared, "You know, I'm not just with you fellows when you're right. I'm with you even if you're only one-third right."

Driving along Drouillard Road beside Ford's, Reaume points out a Russian, a Serbian and a Ukrainian club, then a Russian Orthodox Church and a Rumanian Baptist church, all within a few blocks. "I must have laid a hundred cornerstones around here," he reflects.

On such occasions Reaume woos Windsor's nationalist fractions with a constantly reiterated theme: "Canada belongs not only to the people who were born here, but also to the people who have come from many lands to help build a new land."

Windsor is 52% Protestant, 48% Roman Catholic; 59% of her people are British in origin, while 18%—like the mayor—have French blood. Few speak French any more; nor can the mayor. However, he is equally at home speaking in English to groups of Windsor's Poles, Italians, Germans, Ukrainians, Rumanians, Hungarians, Czechs and Finns. Windsor's handful of Negroes presented Mayor Reaume

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*NEXT ISSUE*

## THE CREDIT DETECTIVES

**By Sidney Margolius**

Somewhere there's a file on you which tells all about your character and how you pay your debts. It's at the credit bureau in your own city. Here's an inside look at how credit detectives check up on all of us.

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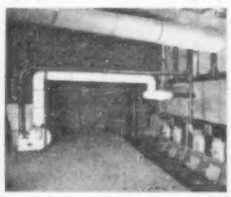

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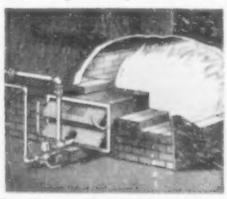

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with a plaque for giving colored people equal opportunity in civil service after he pushed the appointment of James Watson as city solicitor.

Idling through the tree-lined residential streets of old Walkerville, where the late Hiram Walker built his distillery 92 years ago, Reaume says, "This is Ward 2 where I don't do so well." On Tecumseh Boulevard the black Ford unselfconsciously skirts the recently expanded Chrysler plant. "I turn my car in every three years and alternate between a Ford and a Plymouth"—Reaume explains the political facts of life in a city dominated by two big car makers.

### Quick Profit on Land Deals

Back downtown on Ouellette Avenue the mayor leaves the business section again to head west; by the time the car has flashed beneath the graceful span of the Ambassador bridge Reaume is on his home ground—Ward 5, old Sandwich. Here is the Campus bowling alley, managed by brother Ernie and where the mayor is sometimes seen on Sunday setting up sodas. Here is the comfortable home on Rosedale Avenue which Art built for his young wife and baby daughter in 1932 for $5,700, depression price. Farther out Sandwich St., at McKee Road, almost at the town's western limits, is the place where Art was born in 1906 in his dad's Brighton Beach Hotel.

Reaume's mother died when he was 18 months old but he found almost a second mother in the wife of a Michigan lumber baron named Yawkey, who bought up huge chunks of the Sandwich waterfront for a summer estate. Mrs. Yawkey used to take young Reaume on trips, helped him finance his schooling at Assumption College in Windsor and St. Jerome's in Kitchener.

At 20 Reaume set up in the real estate and insurance business and was soon combining business with local politics. By 27 he was the "Boy Mayor of Sandwich." At 34, five years after amalgamation of the border cities, he moved into his present job which pays him $6,500.

On the business side Reaume inherited a few pieces of property after the death of his father in 1934 and gradually left off acting as a sales agent to buy and sell on his own behalf. His boyhood benefactors, the Yawkeys, had died some years previously and for a time Reaume acted as their Canadian estate agent. After this agreement lapsed in 1935 he did occasional business with the heirs—son Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, and his sister.

His smartest deal as a speculator was his 1946 purchase of a 61-acre lot which he bought from the Yawkeys for $6,280 on Jan. 7 and sold on Jan. 18 for $32,377 to Canadian Industries Ltd., which wanted to expand its adjoining salt fields. The Yawkeys sent a man from New York to investigate their holdings in Windsor and appointed a real-estate agent to handle future transactions.

Reaume in 1947 bought a gravel field adjoining the Yawkey property, which enclosed the corner lot on which the old Reaume hotel still stands—now the Westwood House. He paid a coal company $20,000 for the land. The following April the Ontario Hydro announced it was expropriating the Yawkey field as a site for a $21-million steam-generating plant; and in November, 1949, the Hydro also expropriated Reaume's gravel field as a place to dump ashes from the steam plant's furnaces.

When the Ontario Municipal Board held arbitration hearings to determine a fair price for Reaume's ash dump the mayor asked $44,000. In response to questioning by his own lawyer Reaume denied he had any inside knowledge of the coming of the new steam plant. The board finally awarded Reaume $24,945, but he is considering an appeal.

Mayor Reaume keeps the affairs of all five wards of his busy border city moving with snap and crackle from his big bright office in city hall, which occupies an 80-year-old former schoolhouse set in a quiet square downtown. He is assisted by a personal staff of three—a young war veteran who screens callers at the reception desk; a watchdog private secretary, Mrs. Agnes Block, who is as brisk and efficient as the boss himself; and a special trouble shooter on housing.

Housing has been a hot vote-getter ever since the great influx of war workers to Windsor's vital factories jumped population 18,000, and Reaume has seldom missed an angle. He won favor with war workers by crying their housing needs to Ottawa until Windsor got Canada's first government-financed housing units in the fall of 1941. Then he won new acclaim by defying the "war workers only" sign Ottawa hung on the development when he forced entry to the first two houses for the homeless families of two overseas soldiers. He staged the operation under cover of darkness and photographers' flashbulbs which caught the mayor himself carrying one of the homeless waifs over the threshold.

### Beating the Housing Drum

But the housing question later backfired. When the city was negotiating for more houses in 1947, Controller Tom Brophey urged that Windsor bargain for better tax terms instead of signing Ottawa's first offer. Windsor elects half its council one year, the other half and a mayor the next, and this was an off-year in which Mayor Reaume wouldn't have to defend his title. But Brophey was up for re-election and Reaume couldn't resist the urge to beat the housing drum and perhaps oust an unruly controller whom he had at one time sponsored.

Reaume artfully painted housing as Windsor's crying need, which it was, and smeared Brophey as housing's greatest enemy, which he wasn't. He knocked the controller right out of city hall.

But playing fast and loose with public questions has made Reaume more than one political enemy. Family-man Brophey had quit his Windsor Star job after 20 years to turn law student at 41, but he came back fighting as a candidate for mayor in 1948. He missed that time by only 2,500 votes and returned from law school for a second try in 1950.

### Still Boss by 16 Ballots

Reaume headed a Windsor-wide labor slate and set up his campaign headquarters right in the offices of Local 200, the big Ford chapter of the U.A.W. On election day 200 cars paid for out of a $5,000 U.A.W. election fund drove voters to the polls.

But Tom Brophey had labor friends, too, who passed 5,000 "Vote Brophey" handbills along the assembly lines. A union steward at Ford drove the carless mayoralty candidate to election meetings in a beat-up V8.

Brophey also had non-union friends—citizens who volunteered to drive their own cars, and women from church and other clubs who spent hours telephoning and door knocking.

And when it was all over Art Reaume ended up still boss of bordertown—by 16 ballots out of 36,234. ★

## Franklin's Folly

*Continued from page 21*

paper containing a written record. Franklin, in defiance of every exploration custom, had sailed away from Beechey without leaving a clue to his direction.

There were no more clues for four years. But there was more drama than in a library of dime novels. Ships were crushed in the ice and sank, men starved, died, were murdered by Eskimos; one crew was saved when it stumbled across supplies abandoned by the English explorer Sir William Parry 30 years before; another was itself rescued after being lost for three years.

In 1854 Britain was saddled with a bigger worry—the Crimean War. Franklin and his crews were stricken from Navy rolls and pronounced dead. The search was officially closed.

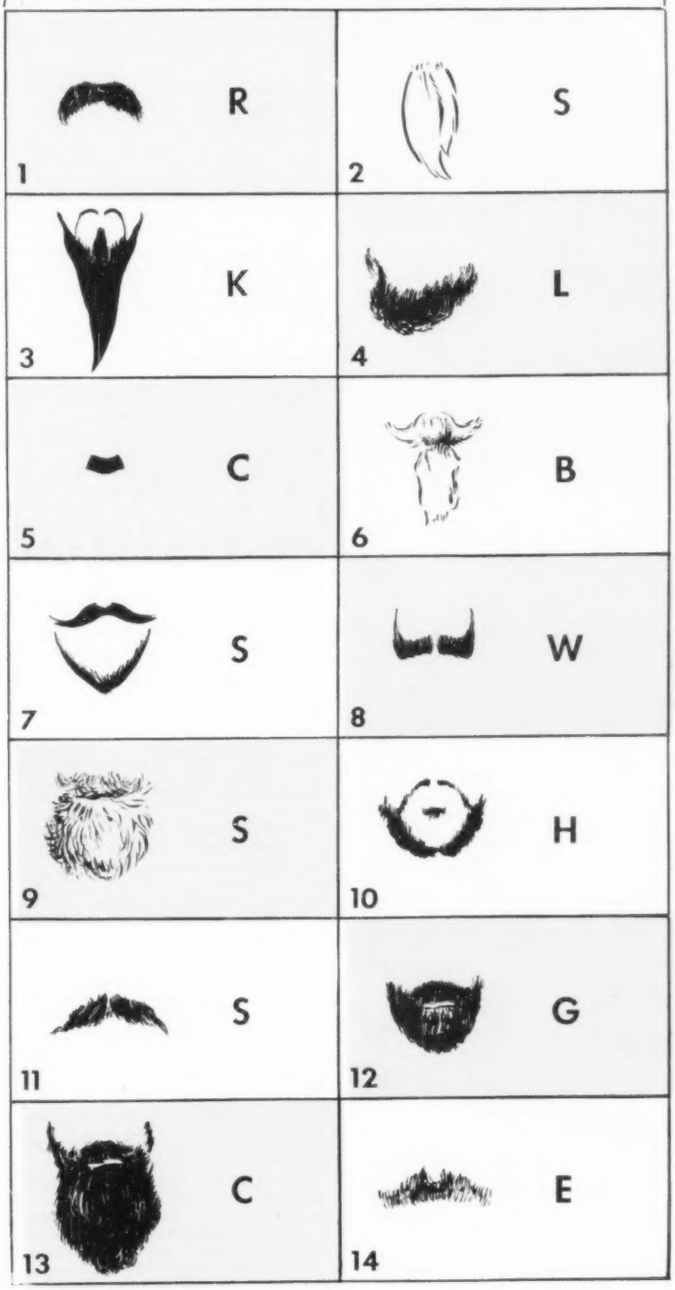
And then the mystery began to unravel.

The Admiralty had failed to reckon with two search parties still out. One

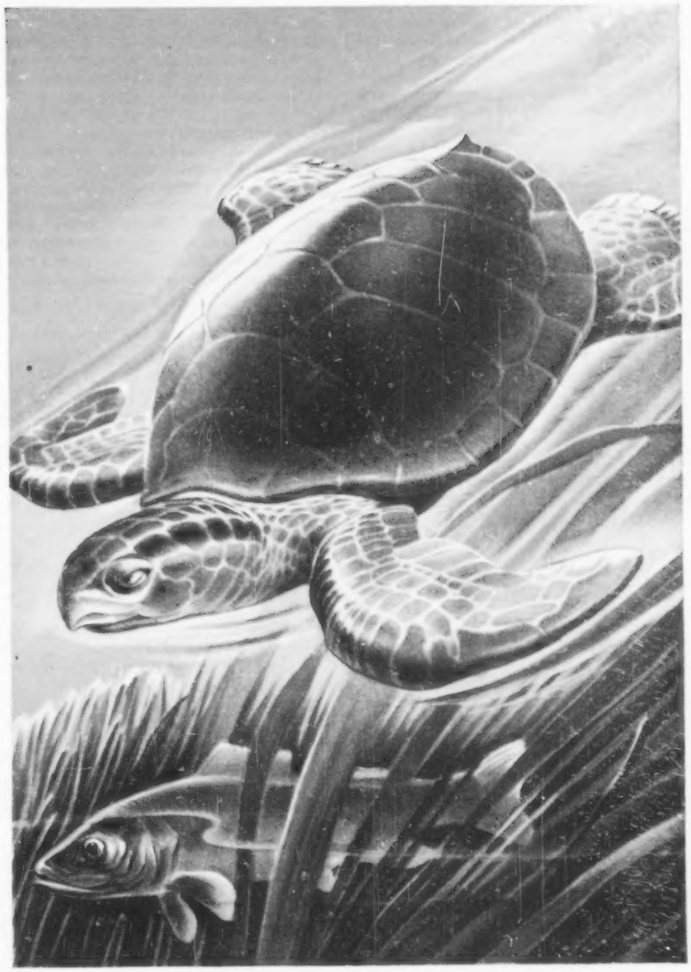
## MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK—No. 1

**By Gerard Mosler**

***Many famous names in fact and fiction made certain chin-carpets their peculiar trademark. Try and sort them out below. An initial is thrown in to help you. No. 1, for instance, is obviously Theodore Roosevelt. Check your answers on page 52***







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was a Hudson's Bay Company land party under Dr. John Rae somewhere in the Boothia Peninsula area of the Canadian mainland. The other was headed by a Captain Collinson who had sailed for the Arctic by way of Cape Horn and Bering Strait five years before, long since given up as lost.

In October, 1854, Rae reached England with startling news. He had talked to Eskimos on Boothia who had heard from other Eskimos that, several years before, 40 white men had been encountered on King William Island to the west. The white men's ships had been crushed in the ice and the Europeans were heading southward afoot, starving and ill with scurvy. Later, according to Eskimo rumor, 30 white bodies were found 100 miles farther south at the mouth of Back River on the mainland.

Said Rae's report to the Admiralty: "From the mutilated state of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence." Rae's news was authenticated by relics he purchased from the Eskimos, most of it silverware bearing initials of Franklin and his officers.

The suggestion of cannibalism among British officers and men horrified Britain, and the Lords of the Admiralty, in spite of the initialed silverware, were reluctant to accept Rae's story.

Then, within a year, the long-lost Collinson also reached Britain with more clues. On Victoria Island Collinson found Eskimos in possession of a coupling rod from a marine steam engine, iron and brass tools and a ship's hatchway. There had been no other steam vessels in the Arctic. They must be Franklin relics.

There was now no question that Erebus and Terror had come to grief somewhere between Victoria and King William Islands, an area never searched because the Admiralty had bullheadedly insisted Franklin couldn't have reached it. Confronted now with proof of its mistake, with humiliating hints of cannibalism and with suggestions that Franklin and his officers had bungled things, the Admiralty dropped the whole business.

Lady Franklin, however, clung to the hope that some of Franklin's men might still be alive. She fitted out Fox, a ship of her own, and sent it out in 1857 under Leopold McClintock, an officer who had been on several earlier expeditions.

From Eskimos McClintock heard grim tales of the many white men who years before had left their ships off northern King William Island and staggered southward along the coast dragging great sledge-loads of equipment with them. Many of the whites, weak and starving, dropped in their tracks and were left to die where they fell. The two ships, Eskimos said, remained in the ice for several years and finally sank.

McClintock and his men searched 100 miles of the King William Island coast. They found an amazing assortment of abandoned equipment—a 1400-pound boat mounted on a sledge, watches, guns, ammunition, religious books, silverware, silk handkerchiefs, towels, soap, toothbrushes, tools of all sorts including pickaxes and shovels, iron barrel hoops, rolls of sheet lead, a lightning conductor, brass curtain rods. Said McClintock, "A quantity of articles truly astonishing in variety and such as, for the most part, modern sledge travelers in these regions would consider a mere accumulation of dead weight, but slightly useful and very likely to break down the strength of the sledge crews."

McClintock found three skeletons, and his lieutenant, Hobson, discovered the only written Franklin record that has been found to this day. Near the northern tip of King William Island Hobson found a stone cairn of the type explorers erect to protect written documents. Inside was this brief message:

> 28 of May, 1847. H.M. Ships Erebus and Terror wintered in the ice in 1846-7 at Beechey Island after having ascended Wellington Channel and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday, 24 of May, 1847. Gm. Gore, Lieut. Chas. F. Des Voeux, Mate.

The wintering date 1846-7 is an error for Franklin spent the winter of 1845-6 at Beechey Island.

But that is not the only message. Scribbled around the margin of the yellowed paper was a later and far less-cheerful entry:

> April 25, 1848. H.M. Ships Terror and Erebus were deserted on the 22nd April, 5 leagues NNW of this, having been beset since 12th Sept., 1846. The officers and crews consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here . . . Sir John Franklin died on 11th June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men. James Fitzjames, Captain H.M.S. Erebus, F. R. M. Crozier, Captain and Senior Officer. And start on tomorrow 26th for Back's Fish River.

But the Franklin mystery was still far from solved. Only three skeletons had been discovered. Eleven years had passed. Could some be still alive?


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One optimist, who believed that out of the large Franklin party a few at least must still live, was a husky American journalist - turned - explorer, Charles Francis Hall, who, like Franklin, was also destined to leave his bones in an unknown Arctic grave when he attempted to reach the pole 12 years later. Between 1860 and 1869 Hall lived with Eskimos, learning their language, questioning them about the Franklin tragedy. In a letter sent out in 1864 he told a startling tale.

A few years before, he wrote, an officer and two men were encountered on Boothia Peninsula by Eskimos. The men were in good health, the officer weak and starving. Natives learned that the men had been eating the flesh of dead companions but the officer had refused to turn cannibal. Eskimos fed them for many months and eventually they struck out with an Eskimo guide for the south. They still had guns and ammunition. The Eskimos did not hear of them again but felt they were still alive somewhere in the north.

### Saw Marks on the Bones

In 1868 Hall tracked down another startling story. Eskimos told him that four winters before two white men had been living in wooden huts on the northern tip of Melville Peninsula, 600 miles eastward by land from where the Franklin ships had gone down. Here Hall found a stone cairn obviously erected by Europeans, but no written records. Hall was convinced that "it brought the story down as late as 1864, at which time some of Franklin's companions were alive near Fury and Hecla Strait." This was 16 years after the Franklin ships were abandoned.

In 1869 Hall went to King William Island, where he found several additional skeletons and numerous new Franklin relics. Some of the skeletons showed bones that had been cut by saws—further evidence of cannibalism. But there were no more written records. Eskimos told tantalizing stories of many books and diaries which they had given to children to play with. Arctic history's greatest story was probably torn into bits and scattered by polar winds.

Little of importance has been added since to the story as revealed by Rae, McClintock and Hall. Later parties picked up Eskimo legends about "the great man" being buried in an opening of rock and covered with something that "after awhile was all same stone." From this has sprung the belief that somewhere on King William Island is a concrete vault containing Sir John Franklin's remains.

The Hudson's Bay Company sent investigators to King William Island in 1931 and 1936. In 1946 an unsuccessful aerial search for Franklin's cemented grave was carried out. In 1947 L. A. Learmonth examined the area again for new relics that might have been uncovered by winds.

From Eskimo accounts, skeletons, abandoned equipment and the single message found, much of the Franklin story can be reconstructed. This is probably what happened:

Erebus and Terror passed through Lancaster Sound, turned up Wellington Channel, probably found ice to the north too heavy, so came south again along the western coast of Cornwallis Island, proving for the first time that Cornwallis is an island. The ships returned eastward and spent their first winter in the protection of Beechey Island. It had been a successful first season. Three men died that winter —nothing to get alarmed about in a party of 130—and spirits were probably high.

The following summer they encountered an uncharted waterway opening invitingly to the south—Peel Sound. The ships turned into it, traveled 400 miles southward to the neighborhood of King William Island and there unknowingly sailed into an ice-choked bottleneck now recognized as one of the Arctic's deadliest traps. In September that year Erebus and Terror became imprisoned in the floes. They never worked free again.

The following May (1847) Franklin sent an exploratory party ashore which deposited the record found 12 years later by Hobson. At this time they were not worried for their message declared: "All well." But the ships lay imprisoned another year during which 21 men died, including Franklin whose death apparently came unexpectedly just 14 days after the "all well" message. By now their food would be running low, and, according to the marginal postscript message, Crozier, now the leader, decided they must retreat overland to save themselves.

Here the tragic burlesque of errors begins. By this time a few adaptable Britons like Rae and McClintock were learning to mimic Eskimos and live comfortably in the Arctic, but men of the type of Franklin and his officers, puppets of naval discipline and tradition, were helpless. They couldn't forget that they were British gentlemen.

Crozier knew they were about 250 miles from Back River which had been mapped some years before, so he planned to reach it dragging two or three of the ship's boats with them and sail up it into the Canadian interior. The previous year's death toll of 21 men is proof that scurvy was already widespread among them, by this time


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probably sapping the strength of every man. Crozier evidently had visions of returning to civilization in a style befitting an expedition of Her Majesty's Royal Navy, and he doesn't seem to have considered the idea of lightening the men's loads by leaving behind the massive 1,400-pound boats (28 feet long, seven feet wide) and sailing up the Back River on a driftwood raft. The boats had to be in good repair—a rigid naval requirement—so he loaded the sledges with hundreds of pounds of tools, boat siding, sheet lead and other repair equipment.

As if this was not madness enough, the 100 crewmen staggered ashore across the ice with cookstoves, bags of coal, religious books, silverware, even lightning conductors and curtain rods. Officers' batmen were forced to travel with their full kit of clothes brushes and button polishes, for one skeleton was discovered by McClintock 100 miles along the route with this equipment beside it. Starving to death or not, a British naval officer had to keep his buttons shining.

Eskimos found swords that had been carried 100 miles and Hall found a mahogany writing desk that had been drawn by sledge for 150 miles. A naval commander could hardly enter up his logbook on his knee.

Their big sledges loaded, Crozier and his men set out on the 250-mile haul to Back River. The famed charge of the Light Brigade a few years later was no greater a folly. It is estimated that the sledges started with 10 tons of equipment—200 pounds per man. That intelligent men on a life-and-death dash would attempt to carry such an enormity of trash is unbelievable. Yet the evidence was there in the junk-strewn beaches of King William Island. They did.

The Arctic has never since seen as grim and tragic a march. Men dropped, died in their tracks from scurvy, starvation and overwork. For a few days the dead were given decent burial, then, as the survivors grew weaker, the dead were left where they fell, to be pounced upon by Arctic foxes before the sledges were out of sight.

There are no diaries describing the last days, but we can gain an idea of how the King William Island retreat must have been carried out by studying the diaries of similar Arctic retreats led by Franklin. Twice before Franklin had taken exploration parties into the Arctic and both times had got them lost. Each time 16 survivors were saved at the last moment by the arrival of Indians who hunted food for them and nursed them back to health.

Above all else, those earlier Franklin diaries reveal a sharp distinction "between the officers" and "the men." It was the men who hauled the sledges or carried on their backs their own equipment and the officers' too. On one trip, when the men were dropping and dying in their tracks, Franklin nobly records in his diary: "Because of the weakness of the men the officers began carrying such a portion of their own things as their strength would permit." One man was so weak, Franklin records, that it was necessary to reduce his load "to little more than his own personal luggage." There are even records for this period of British exploration in which officers rode on sledges while the men pulled.

When starving to death and reduced to eating their own shoe leather officers still maintained their separate mess. In one account Franklin records how they were saved when a man discovered an edible form of lichen. He adds: "It was used in the officers' mess."

There is evidence that the typical naval officer of 1850 considered hunting his own food a menial, degrading task. Like everything else it was left to "the men."

The last Franklin retreat was probably no different from the earlier ones. Rae, for example, recording what Eskimos told him about one group they had seen, reported: "All of them men, with the exception of one officer, were hauling sledges." As the starving men pulled their fantastic loads the officers would walk behind on the packed-down trail. Only as some of the men died was the reluctant ditching of the "less-essential" equipment begun.

Somewhere in the first 100 miles the party divided. Whether this was caused by a mutiny or officially planned we shall never know. We do know that when the white men were first encountered by Eskimos on southern King William Island only 40 remained of the 105 who had set out for Back River. The remaining 65 could not all have died by that time and it is presumed that perhaps 40 or 50 broke away and headed in another direction. One ship's boat and sledge discovered by searchers was facing back toward the abandoned vessels so it is probable that this second party attempted to return to the ships. When found, the abandoned boat contained two skeletons and such items as bedroom slippers, silk handkerchiefs and towels.

Forty kept plugging toward Back River and 30 of them actually did reach the river with their boat, but the hardships they suffered during their 250-mile journey left them so weakened that they all died right here. Eskimos told Rae they found 30 bodies on Montreal Island at the river mouth. No skeletons were recovered here by searchers and the bodies are believed to have been washed away by high tides, but remains of the boat and many other pieces of equipment were found on Montreal Island.

But what happened to that other party of 40 or 50 men? Some of them probably returned to the ice-bound ships and died there waiting for the ice to release them. But a few apparently abandoned the ships a second time and mastered the way of Eskimo life sufficiently to survive many years. Hall found fairly reliable evidence that whites were living on Melville Peninsula, 600 miles away, 16 years after the Franklin ships were abandoned. They could only be Franklin survivors.

Some of these may have tried again to travel overland to civilization. In 1917 Inspector F. H. French, of the RCMP, crossing the Barren Lands west of Hudson Bay, found a series of spaced cairns evidently laid out by Europeans equipped with compasses and sextant. The movements of every party that traveled in this area before 1917 are known and none traversed the cairn locality. The most probable explanation is that some of Franklin's men did reach Hudson Bay where they built the cairns to guide rescuers.

On Victoria Island, west of where Franklin's ships were lost, is another mystery. Here in the 1920s Arctic explorer and writer Vilhjalmur Stefansson found a number of blond Eskimos with European facial characteristics. Could they be descendants of Franklin survivors who, abandoning hope of rescue, joined Eskimos, intermarried and died there? Some Arctic experts believe so.

There is no doubt, though, that most if not quite all of Sir John Franklin's men died like helpless kittens in a land of plenty with loaded guns beside them. No doubt most met death unflinchingly—disciplined and courageous British gentlemen to the last.

But Britain and the world were soon to realize that white gloves, swords and polished buttons were only short cuts to death in the Arctic. ★

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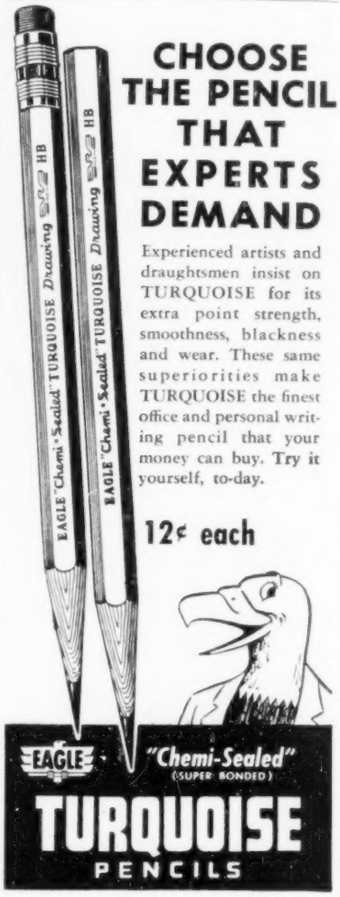


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## Whooping Cough

*Continued from page 24*

in the early stages. Children should be kept in bed until the first fever is gone and for a week or two after they are up their temperatures should be taken twice a day and any increase reported to the doctor. After four weeks the disease is no longer contagious and the child may return to school.

Infants who have coughing spasms which result in the baby turning bluish should be taken immediately to hospital where oxygen is available and a suction machine can be used to remove the mucus from the baby's throat and prevent him choking to death.

There is no proved vaccine to prevent polio, as most parents know, but there is one for whooping cough. Known as pertussis vaccine, it contains only dead whooping cough bacilli, 15 billions to every cubic centimetre of vaccine. Many people believe that being inoculated means getting a small dose of the disease; this is true of smallpox vaccination but not of such toxoids as diphtheria and tetanus—and not of whooping cough.

A child who inhales live whooping cough bacilli will contract the disease and during the illness his body will build up antibodies which almost invariably prevent a recurrence. Dead whooping cough bacilli don't cause the disease, but when given in the proper way they build up antibodies just as effectively as if the child had the disease.

The proper way to give the vaccine is to begin at the age of three months with one injection a month for three months and then three recall doses—one at one year, one around two or three years and the final one when the child is five. Since whooping cough vaccine usually is given in a combined dose with tetanus and diphtheria toxoid, the series of injections protects the child from three potentially fatal infections. Repeating the doses at intervals is necessary to stimulate the immunity, which has a lamentable tendency to wear off in a year or two.

Every Canadian province has an inoculation service sponsored by the provincial departments of health and administered by local health officers or private practitioners. In most provinces the treatment is free and where there is a fee it is a nominal one.

In Quebec 75,000 new vaccinations and the same number of recall shots are given each year. In New Brunswick 10,996 children were vaccinated against whooping cough in the year ending Oct. 1949 (the most recent figures available).

In Manitoba, where the vaccine is provided free to all doctors by the province, 20,755 inoculations were given. Newfoundland has given an average of 7,000 free inoculations each year for the last six years.

Nova Scotia gives 20,000 vaccinations a year at a small fee or free if the child's parents cannot pay. In British Columbia 21,000 infant and pre-school children get this protection free each year. In Saskatchewan an average of 42,400 a year have received the vaccine over the last five years and last year alone 53,000 inoculations were given free.

All pediatricians administer these injections to their small patients as a matter of course and rarely charge more than their regular fee for an office call. In some provinces, notably Ontario, the vaccine can be obtained free in government-maintained Well Baby Clinics. In some provinces hospitals dispense it free. Nowhere in


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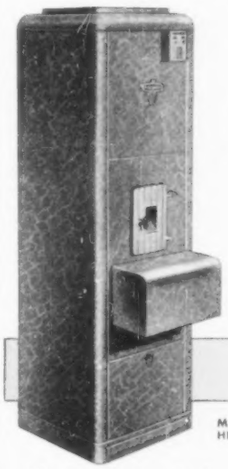

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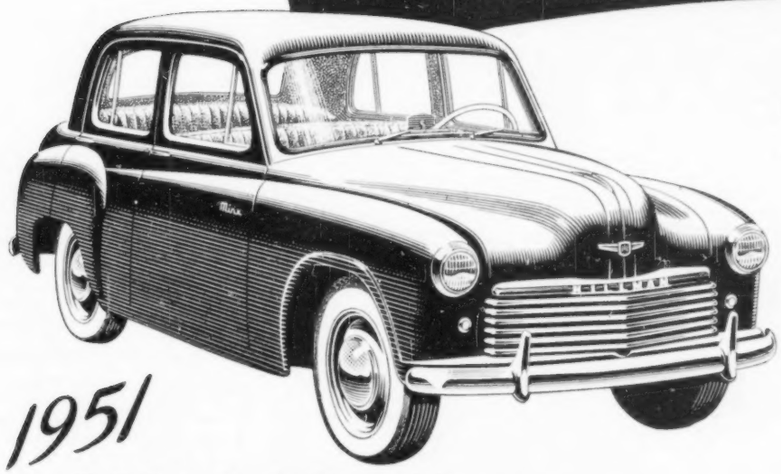

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the country does it cost more than $5 an injection.

The vaccine, since it contains no live organisms, produces very little reaction. Babies sometimes are "fussy" the night of the injection but a half-aspirin usually settles them. Older children have a tender arm for a day or two. The injection leaves no scar.

Depending on whether it is an epidemic year or not, Canadians each year report to Ottawa between 7,000 and 25,000 cases of whooping cough, which Ottawa immediately multiplies by four or five to get a rough national figure. The discrepancy is not due entirely to the forgetfulness of doctors who are instructed to report all cases. Thousands of cases are never referred to a doctor at all and thousands more are diagnosed as croup or a heavy cold.

Whooping cough is not restricted to children. It can strike anyone from two weeks to 80 years, though about half the world's whooping cough victims are between one and five. The younger a child is when he contracts the disease the more likely he is to die or be permanently harmed. In 1937, a bad year, whooping cough killed 763 Canadian children, 648 of them under two. In 1945 whooping cough killed 470, all but 40 of them babies. Deaths since 1945 have been comparatively light; in 1949 only 202 children died. Complete figures for 1950 have not yet been compiled.

Death by whooping cough is slow and agonizing. Doctors estimate it takes six months for the lucky child who has suffered only a mild case to recover normal health. The suffering in severe cases gives a shocking lie to the commonly held theory that whooping cough is an unimportant nuisance-type ailment.

One case, recently reported in the New England Journal of Medicine, was that of a five-months-old girl exposed to whooping cough by an older child visiting her home. After a week she started to cough and in five days her temperature had risen to 102 and she was listless and refused to drink.

She was admitted to hospital where her coughing spells were described as paroxysmal. On the day of admission she had two convulsions, each lasting about half an hour. Her breath came in gasps and her eyes were fixed and staring. She didn't respond to light, sound or pinprick and had constant muscular twitching around her eyes and mouth. Paroxysmal coughing and convulsions continued for 10 days. It was nearly three weeks before she was sitting up and eating.

The child proved in examinations some years later to be undamaged mentally or physically.

A four-weeks-old boy who got whooping cough from his older sister was not so fortunate. He suffered 20 to 30 paroxysms of coughing every day, followed by periods of unconsciousness. When he was seven years old doctors found him in a wheel chair, unable to speak and with an abnormally small head. The diagnosis was microcephalic (small head) idiocy and no other cause than whooping cough could be found.

Brain injuries are suffered during whooping cough because of the coughing paroxysms, when the child stops breathing oxygen.

The brain cells are sensitive to lack of oxygen and in cases where paroxysms are severe or convulsions frequent there is very likely to be damage to the brain.

Convulsions can cause death, idiocy, blindness, deafness, spastic paralysis, epilepsy and mental retardation. One U. S. doctor who made a study of nursery-school children reported that slower children often had a record of early whooping cough. Whooping cough in infancy is believed in some serious cases to be responsible for delays in walking and talking, speech disturbance and maladjustment at school. Some psychic disturbances, such as anxiety neuroses, melancholia and depression, have also been blamed on severe whooping cough.

Although in some diseases like measles a mother's immunity may safeguard her baby in its first six months this is not true in whooping cough. Doctors have tried giving vaccine to pregnant women in the hope that fresh antibodies will find their way to the unborn child, but they have decided that any immunity from this lasts only a few days after the child is born. Nor is it possible to vaccinate a newborn baby successfully because his system isn't ready to develop antibodies until he's about three months old.

The only protection parents can give a baby is to have older children immunized properly, keep him away from children who might have whooping cough and start his own immunizing program as soon as he's three months old.

### Mold Drugs Successful

The penalty for parental neglect on these points can be high. A noted whooping cough expert, Dr. Joseph H. Lapin, of New York, computes that the chances are about one in four that a baby under one year who contracts whooping cough will die. Between the ages of one and two the odds rise to nine survivals in every 10 cases. The mortality rate from whooping cough is low in the first month of life, higher between two and three months and highest from three months to one year.

The respiratory system is the most common victim and bronchopneumonia the most frequent complication of whooping cough. Pleurisy, an infection of the covering membrane of the lung, and lobar pneumonia — pneumonia which has settled in one of the lobes of the lung—are common complications. Whooping cough has also been known to activate a latent tuberculosis.

Bronchopneumonia, which is a pneumonia diffused throughout the lung, didn't respond well to any treatment until recently when two mold drugs, aureomycin and chloromycetin, were used successfully. These drugs are also used in treating severe cases of whooping cough.

Whooping cough, for all its frequency, is a tricky ailment for a doctor to identify. Most older children make a distinct whoop sound after a coughing spasm and this simplifies the diagnosis.

But babies never make the whooping sound. In addition the most contagious stage of the disease is the early one, lasting about two weeks, which produces sniffles, sneezes and coughs, but no whoop. Many older children too will go through the whole course of the disease without a whoop. There are various tests—examining nasal secretion, making cough plates and checking the white blood cell count. The catch is that none is infallible: a child with a resounding whoop might test negative in all three ways.

The pertussis vaccine used in Canada is estimated to be 80% effective and ensures a mild form of the disease in almost all other cases. Severe cases of whooping cough in children who have been immunized are extremely rare and deaths are almost unknown.

An experiment to determine the potency of the vaccine was made in Quebec over a three-year period from 1942 to 1945. Conducted by Dr. A. R. Foley, the experiment covered the counties of Maskinongé, Trois-Rivières, Champlain and Montmagny and the City of Montreal. This territory included 183,682 children under nine.

Foley and his associates were able to immunize properly only 38,188 children. Some of the others had one or two shots but didn't return for the full treatment. The immunized children were known as the protected group and all others were known as the control group.

### The Parents Must Decide

In 1946 Foley made his report in the Canadian Journal of Public Health on the incidence of whooping cough in each group and the deaths from it. Since his experiment had included an epidemic year, 1945, the results were dramatic.

The incidence of whooping cough was 55.8 per 100,000 in the protected group, 1,574.6 in the other group. There were no deaths in the protected group, while the rest of the province had a mortality rate of 30.2 for whooping cough. Quebec is believed to have the highest proportion of unimmunized children, Ontario the lowest. In 1948, for example, 102 children died of whooping cough in Quebec, compared with 18 in Ontario.

Few doctors believe that whooping cough will ever be stamped out, as smallpox, diphtheria and tuberculosis certainly can, but the deaths could be as infrequent as deaths from smallpox. Immunization isn't compulsory and its importance received little notice until a few years ago when the Health League of Canada began its National Immunization Week campaigns.

The key is in the hands of parents who alone must decide if the world's No. 1 baby-killer is going to continue killing in the subtle disguise of a minor child's ailment, or if a doctor's needle will prick this legend and prevent a tragedy. ★

Answers to Quiz

**HIDE-AND-SEEK — No. 1**

(See Page 47)

1. Theodore Roosevelt
2. Uncle Sam
3. Genghis Khan
4. Abraham Lincoln
5. Charles Chaplin
6. Buffalo Bill
7. William Shakespeare
8. William II (The Kaiser)
9. George Bernard Shaw
10. Henry VIII
11. Joseph Stalin
12. Ulysses Grant
13. Robinson Crusoe
14. Albert Einstein

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*The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.*

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Scalp care gives your hair that handsome look!

And scalp care is so easy. A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before brushing or combing, a generous massage with this pure, clean tonic before shampooing — and, man, what hair you'll have! No dry scalp and no loose dandruff. Truly a grand hair tonic — and so economical!

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To Feel Better Fast When You Have A Cold —You Need Aspirin!

ALL ACROSS the country, authorities today will tell you that of all cold treatments, "ASPIRIN and as much rest as possible" is the fastest and most effective.

You need ASPIRIN when you have a cold—because you need quick relief from the headachy, feverish feeling . . . and the muscular aches and pains . . . that invariably accompany a cold.

And because ASPIRIN brings you this relief—and brings it quickly—it should be taken at the first sign of a cold . . . *before you do anything else.*

No matter what you do to try to stop or shorten a cold, authorities will tell you that this is sound advice.

FEEL BETTER FAST—When you follow this advice, you will find that ASPIRIN relieves your distressing symptoms with remarkable speed. And one reason is that ASPIRIN actually goes to work in *two seconds.*

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WHAT TO DO FOR SORE THROAT—Whenever you have a cold that is accompanied by a sore throat, get welcome relief by gargling with three ASPIRIN tablets dissolved in one-third of a glass of water. Used this way, ASPIRIN makes a highly potent medicinal gargle that almost instantly soothes tender throat membranes, relieving pain and irritation.

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ASPIRIN

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## Comrade Buck

*Continued from page 9*

Buck went to Moscow, and in a speech to the plenum of the Sixth Congress of the Comintern he warned that the depression in Canada might lag behind the depression in the United States. He added a firm promise, however, that the Canadian party would not stand idly by waiting for chaos to arrive under its own steam.

"The political line of our party," he told the Comintern, "is to use (the) tendency of radicalization by adopting a policy of developing demands and initiating movements in different industries. On account of the position of the Canadian working class, it is necessary to develop demands in advance rather than wait for sporadic outbreaks. Spontaneous strikes do not generally assume the proportions or the possibilities that the spontaneous strikes in the United States do, because of the difference in the size of the centres and the industrial concerns. The political value of these strikes, therefore, tends to be less, unless we ourselves can prepare them in certain industries. The result is that we have adopted a policy of developing demands in many industries and on this basis (we are) sharpening relations and developing strike movements."

The Comintern endorsed Buck's strike plans, but instructed him to add three more planks to the Party's depression program. The written order from Moscow, which the Canadian party formally discussed and accepted, demanded increased Party activity among foreign-born workers, French Canadians and "poor" farmers.

### Sudden Raids Net Nine Reds

Buck and the Party, whose numbers were now growing fast, followed the blueprint to the letter. For the "poor" farmers the party formed a Farmers Unity League. For the neglected French Canadians it revived a defunct Party organ, L'Ouvrier Canadien. Under the direction of Buck and Tom Ewen, another Party veteran, it built a new false front called the Workers Unity League and set out to capture the entire Canadian trade-union movement. The League made swift and satisfying gains, particularly in the coal fields of Nova Scotia and Western Canada. Before the end of 1931 three miners were killed in a bloody coal strike directed at Estevan, Sask., by four organizers of the Workers Unity League, all of them Party members.

The Party burrowed deeply into the so-called mass and language organizations, seven of which (Association of Canadian Ukrainians, Federation of Russian Canadians, Polish Democratic Association, Finnish Organization of Canada, Council of Canadian South Slavs, United Peoples Jewish Order, German Canadian Federation) it still controls. These, along with The National Federation of Labor Youth, the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Council, the catch-all Canadian Peace Congress and a dwindling handful of trade unions, are still its major working tools.

How effective the Party might have become had it been allowed to pursue its program unopposed is a question on which neither Canada's Communists nor its non-Communists are agreed. Some believe that had they been allowed to roam at large across the happy hunting ground of the hungry thirties, the Communists might have brought the country close to anarchy. Others believe that, although they might have continued to find sitting ducks among the broke, the desperate and the bewildered, their ammunition would soon have run out. According to this theory, their real target—the piling of misery on misery until something snaps—would then have become apparent to the most shortsighted.

Neither theory was put to the test. At precisely 6.15 on the evening of Aug. 11, 1931, eighteen officers of the RCMP and the Toronto and Ontario police forces, detailed to report for a special assignment, were ushered into the office of Major-General V. A. S. Williams, Commissioner of the Ontario Police. Williams closed the door and said: "Gentlemen, we are going to strike a death blow at the Communist Party."

Forty-five minutes later simultaneous raids were made at Buck's home on Delaney Crescent, the downtown offices of the Party, and the nearby offices of the Workers Unity League. Buck, on his way between home and office at the zero hour, was arrested half an hour later. By the next afternoon eight of his most active subordinates had been picked up too, all—like Buck himself—without histrionics on either side. The Attorney-General of Ontario charged the nine men under Section 98 of the Criminal Code with being members and officers of an unlawful association and of being parties to a seditious conspiracy.

### Riots, Bullets and Buck

Their sensational and dramatic trial resulted in the discharge of one of the accused, whom the Crown admitted it was not prepared to prove a member of the Party after all. Almost from the beginning it was apparent that under the law as it stood the other eight had no defense. The raids on Delaney Crescent and the party's office had produced a large hillock of documentary proof of the Party's record, its aims and its plans for carrying them out. This was swollen by a series of revelations by Sgt. John Leopold, an RCMP officer who had gone underground while the Party itself was still underground, joined its Regina branch under the name of Esselwain and remained a trusted member until 1928.

The jury took only two hours to decide the Party was unlawful. Since (under Section 98) membership in an unlawful organization was a crime and since none of the accused had denied his Party membership, the verdict of guilty became automatic. Buck was sentenced to five years, as were Tom Ewen, Sam Carr, John Boychuk, A. T. Hill, Malcolm Bruce and Mathew Popovitch. Thomas Cacic got two years. All the sentences were sustained in an appeal judgment to the Ontario Supreme Court.

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Despite this apparently crushing setback, the Party now had a new whirlwind to reap. While the indefatigable Buck campaigned for new recruits in the shops and chow-lines of Kingston penitentiary, the comrades who remained on the outside set out to make him a martyr. They had several things running for them. As the depression deepened, many earnest democrats were getting ready to give up on the two old political parties. The Communists were the only third party operating nationally. Moreover, thousands of Canadians whose respect for British justice was as deep and abiding as the Communists' contempt for it had never been able to reconcile themselves to Section 98, in which they saw something bordering on the principle of guilt by association and an attempt to outlaw ideas.

A. E. Smith, a Communist patriarch, organized a Canadian Labor Defense League which campaigned tirelessly for the release of "The Eight" and the repeal of Section 98. Tim Buck Anti-Frame-up Committees sprang up.

In October, 1932, in the 10th month of Buck's sentence, the cell blocks at Kingston were swept by riots. Today, even after a public trial (at which Buck was sentenced to serve an extra nine months), an endless series of debates in the House of Commons and a special enquiry that did not bring down its findings until 1938, Buck's precise part in organizing the prison riots is still a subject of debate. But one fact did emerge, as chilling and sudden as a cry in the night: while Buck stood shouting in his cell, two of the prison guards, one using a shotgun, and one a pistol, fired five shots into the cell from the floor of the cell block 45 feet away. The only explanation Justice Minister Hugh Guthrie was able to offer was: "I suppose it was to frighten or cow him . . . The situation was serious and Buck was one who had been encouraging the disorders."

The case of Rex versus Buck had become, in the troubled conscience of the nation, the case of Buck versus Rex. To the charge of political persecution Buck's strident friends added the charge of attempted murder. By the spring of 1933, eighteen months after the original trial began, the Canadian Labor Defense League claimed it had 200,000 names to a petition for Buck's release. Prime Minister R. B. Bennett expressed suspicion of the signatures but in November, 1934, Buck was paroled after serving slightly more than half his five years and nine months.

His reception was as carefully staged as a May Day march-past at Lenin's tomb. On the night of his first public appearance, Maple Leaf Gardens was packed with 17,000 people. Thirty-four athletes from the Young Workers Sporting Association carried Tim to the floodlit speaker's platform. When the cheering had subsided, Stewart Smith, the chairman and a Party stalwart, announced apologetically that it would be necessary to play "God Save the King." The feeble peals of the electric organ were drowned out by boos and hisses.

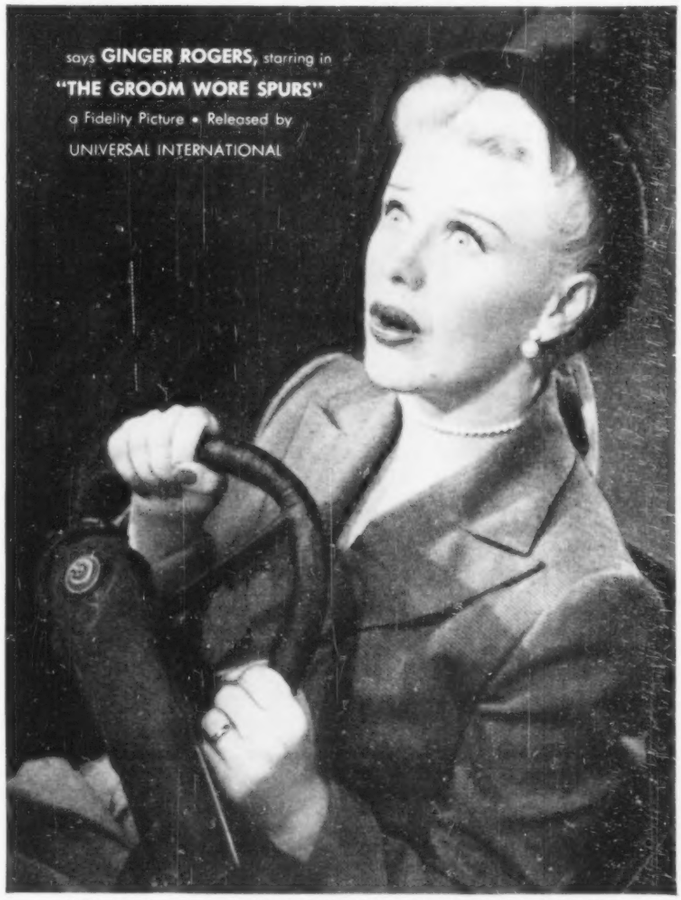
### A Martyr by Courtesy of Law

Buck stepped forward into the spotlight, his face grey with three years' prison pallor, his weight 30 lbs. below its normal 150. He stood there in the light, tiny and alone, and then raised his arm in the clenched-fist Communist salute. An unregenerate capitalist who had attended the meeting in a spirit of curiosity said recently: "Tim looked like an unconquerable pygmy defying the sun and the moon and all the stars. When he started speaking there wasn't a dry eye in the house, including mine."

Buck played it for all it was worth, and it was worth a good deal. He toured the country. At many places the comrades greeted him with flowers and bands. In Blairmore, Alta., they declared a public holiday and renamed the main street Tim Buck Boulevard. In Victoria, the very Shangri-la of the bourgeoisie, he filled the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce.

In 1935, although still officially non-existent, the Party, through the Workers Unity League, organized the celebrated "hunger march" on Ottawa which broke up in Regina with a Dominion Day riot in which one

# "I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"

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Regina policeman was killed and 100 strikers and policemen were injured. Later a Saskatchewan Government commission decided after a 60-day enquiry that "Communism was behind the march on Ottawa."

Three months later Mackenzie King unseated Bennett on a platform which included the repeal of Section 98. The promise was fulfilled in 1936 and the next year the Party was declared legal.

Tim's home town, the city of Conservatives and Churches, began acting more kindly toward him. He was invited to deliver the regular Sunday night sermon to a congregation of Toronto Anglicans. The minister introduced him in the following words: "He is a dear brother who is a martyr in the cause of freedom in his own generation; a man on fire to help his fellow man, cost what it may. Who dare say he is not a godly man?" Running for a city controllership before his trial, Buck had polled 3,000 votes; in 1939 he polled 45,000 and missed election by only 250.

This promising little idyl soon underwent an abrupt and cruel interruption. Near the end of 1939 Buck was forced, as were all Canadian Communists, to make a clear and public choice between the country he lived in and the country he stood for.

The Stalin - Hitler non - aggression pact, announced only a week before war broke out, caught the Canadian party completely by surprise. Buck, forced to improvise a Party line, at first remained silent. Then he appears to have decided that, whatever the pact meant, it could not possibly mean what it said. It was a natural guess. For nearly a decade the Communist line had been bitterly anti-Fascist and the Fascist line had been bitterly anti-Communist.

On Sept. 9 Buck wired Mackenzie King, in the name of the Party, a pledge of "full support for the Polish people in their resistance to Nazi aggression." He urged Canada to press the war against Germany with all its strength.

On Sept. 17 Russia struck at Poland from the east. Buck had already gone underground. He immediately wrote and the Party circulated a pamphlet headed: "The People Want Peace." It began: "The Mackenzie King government and the bankers and the capitalists who were strangling national recovery in peace are now promoters of imperialist war." The party's propaganda apparatus rolled into high. Thousands of leaflets—all illegal under the Defense of Canada Regulations—were printed and planted in war factories and military barracks. The slogans changed with the chronology and emphasis of Canada's war effort: "Not a man must leave Canada's shores to die in imperialist war!" Then, "No conscription!" And then: "Bring the Canadian Boys Back to Canada."

One pamphlet read: "It is a lie that this war is a war against Fascism! It is a lie that the defeat of Germany by Britain and the Dominions will benefit the people. It is a cheap lie that we are fighting for 'Democracy.' "

Some Party apologists have sought to plead that at worst the Communist line during 1940 and first part of 1941 was only pacifism in an extreme form—that Buck was only a conscientious objector with a chip on his shoulder. Other pamphlets circulated by the Party during this period make it clear that Canada's Communists had no objection to war, provided the war went against Canada.

One read: "It is the duty of genuine socialists to work for the defeat of their own bourgeoisie in the imperialist war, to raise the class struggle to the highest pitch and to prepare to take advantage of the revolutionary situations which the war inevitably brings about."

A special release on May Day, 1940, proclaimed: "From the ranks of the armies the news arrives that the workers and peasants have not forgotten their class, that they know which way their guns have got to turn—against 'our own' enemy, against 'our own' capitalists and the state of oppression."

Not all these exhortations could be traced to Buck himself. At least part of his time was occupied with more important matters than the mere promotion of treason within Canada and within its military forces. A few disaffected Canadian soldiers or workers would be unlikely to cause Canada's defeat. But if the United States, then neutral, could be persuaded to remain out of the war, the probability of Canada's defeat would be increased immeasurably.

In the December, 1940, issue of The Communist, an official publication of the U. S. Communist Party, Buck made a manful effort to persuade the U. S. to stay neutral. He predicted that if the United States did become a combatant, the war would end only in a brief armistice "to enable the new imperialist rivals (Great Britain and the U. S.) to prepare for still another bloody effort to divide the world anew." To the comrades of America he said: "The Communist Party of Canada sets itself the task of aiding the workers to extend and strengthen all forms of anti-war activity."

The Party had been declared illegal again under the Defense of Canada

regulations on June 5, 1940, and approximately 100 of its leading members were interned. Buck, of course, was not among them. Therefore, after Germany attacked Russia on June 22, 1941, Buck, who once told an interviewer his favorite virtue is audacity and once told another interviewer the vice he detests most is hypocrisy, was in a position personally to announce the third about-face of the Party line in less than 22 months. The fire and eloquence of his rallying cry put lesser patriots to shame:

"Canada is in mortal danger! The future of our democracy and the safety of our homes and families depend on the outcome of the battle raging on the eastern front. At this critical hour the thoughts of all Canada are with our Soviet allies. To defend Canada and save world civilization, to keep faith with our heroic Soviet and British allies, to press for immediate invasion of the Continent—Join the Armed Forces!"

In April, 1942, still from underground, he urged the nation to vote affirmatively in the conscription plebiscite. He had impatient words for all sowers of discontent and disunity.

"Unity for total war is the only pattern for victory," he wrote. "Defeat for Canada and her allies would mean fast invasion of our country by depraved hordes from Japan and Germany. Canada's war program must be accelerated. The way out of the conscription crisis lies in a great national movement uniting all classes to make democracy work for total war."

Buck remained at the subterranean ramparts until Sept. 25, 1942, when along with 15 other hitherto elusive Party members he surrendered to the Mounted Police in the office of a Toronto lawyer. No charges were laid against any of the men. They were held in Toronto's Don Jail for 11 days and then released on order of the Department of Justice, which first extracted an undertaking that they would abstain from political activity.

As he emerged from jail, Buck boasted to reporters that he had spent the missing three years in Toronto and Montreal. The RCMP still inclines to the belief that he was in the far north, and the Toronto police insist he was in Detroit. Wherever the truth lies, Buck could scarcely have received a more cordial reception if he had been newly back from the Battle of Britain or the beaches of Dieppe. On Oct. 13 a crowd of 12,000 came to hear him speak at a National Unity Rally at Maple Leaf Gardens. Minor dignitaries on the platform included Mitch Hepburn, the Liberal Prime Minister of Ontario, and Leopold Macaulay, a prominent Conservative. Neither Buck nor anyone else made any reference whatever to the more embarrassing facets of his recent activities. Hepburn led the audience in three cheers for him.

Buck issued a directive that all eligible Party members join the armed forces. Many of them did, including his two sons. He called on labor for a no-strike pledge. During the next 18 months his major activities were agitating for a second front in Western Europe and reconstituting the Party as a legal organization. The latter purpose was achieved in August, 1943, when an interim holding unit named the Dominion Communist-Labor Total War Committee was dissolved and then re-formed as the Labor Progressive Party.

Buck's tempestuous love triangle with his two countries now seemed to have entered upon one of those sensible understandings in which the mistress and the wife pretend to be unaware of each other's existence. But soon the affair developed ludicrous complications and only his sheer agility at getting in and out of bedroom windows saved Buck's reputation and career as a Communist.

Among Communists everywhere the Teheran meeting of 1943 released deep and unsuspected wells of tenderness toward the capitalist world. Stalin, seriously concerned about the still unopened second front, joined Roosevelt and Churchill in a prophecy of enduring peace and co-operation. He announced the dissolution of the Comintern. It became the primary task of the American, British and Canadian Communist parties to persuade their separate nations that Communism had abandoned its ancient class hatreds and its historic class war.

In working out the details, Buck took his lead from an old friend, Earl Browder, his opposite number as leader of the U. S. party. At Bridgeport, Connecticut, early in 1944, Browder made a historic speech in which he said: "The one thing indispensable to a long period of economic development and industrial expansion is organized co-operation among capitalist states and between the capitalist and socialist sections of the world." He declared that the U. S. was not ready for and did not want or need socialism. He spoke feelingly of the virtues of private enterprise. In one address to the party he expressed a burning wish to "shake the hand of J. P. Morgan."

Buck hastened to fall into step. In the federal election of 1945 he supported the Liberal Party and roundly denounced the CCF for pursuing the

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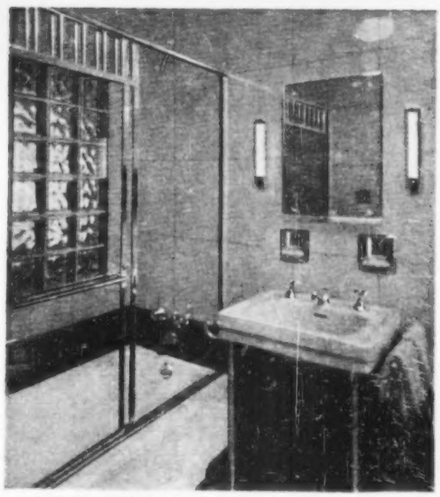

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goal of socialism in a time of crisis. In National Affairs Monthly, a Party publication, he wrote a long article in full support of the new truths which Browder had revealed. He referred to Browder as "the leading Marxist thinker of the Western hemisphere." Discussing the foreign policies of two of his oldest and dearest enemies, he stole a phrase direct from the David Low cartoon character, Colonel Blimp. "Mackenzie King is right," Buck wrote at one stage of the article. "Anthony Eden is so right," he wrote a few paragraphs farther on.

Most of the Canadian comrades dutifully echoed these murmurs of endearment toward the imperialist warmongers of two years before. An exception was Fergus McKean, leader of the B. C. branch. McKean was ejected from the party for "leftist deviation."

By the beginning of 1945 the great amour had served its purpose. The second front was successfully launched. Germany's collapse was now only a matter of months. The time had come for the comrades to climb down off the bankers' laps and get back to business.

The announcement was made through Jacques Duclos, a leading member of the French party. Duclos made a well-publicized trip to Moscow and came back to write a savage five-point denunciation of Browder and the whole Browder doctrine of "right opportunism" and "Marxist revisionism."

As the ground broke beneath him, Buck made a desperate leap for safety. Fortunately, a springboard was handy—the exposed neck of his old friend and idol. In National Affairs Monthly, he wrote a long, tortured article showing that Browder had been wrong from the start and that although the Canadian Party had *seemed* to be following him, it really hadn't been. There was, he wrote, "a marked difference between the practical policies that we followed in Canada and the erroneous theoretical conceptions that we failed to challenge and reject . . . Despite weaknesses, our estimate of the perspective opened up by the Teheran accord differed from Comrade Browder's in that ours did not interpret the accord as a platform of class peace in domestic affairs or as the end of imperialism." The trouble with Browder, he added piously, was that he had lost touch with the masses.

The U. S. party expelled Browder in disgrace. Buck survived to lead the Canadian party back to the simple uncluttered doctrines of Marxism laced with worship of Russia.

Theoretically, his fortunes have ebbed since those heady exhilarating days when anybody who was a friend of Joe Stalin was a friend of all mankind. In 1946 and '49 he saw two of his foremost lieutenants, Fred Rose and Sam Carr, sent to jail for helping a ring of domestic spies to steal military secrets from Canada and pass them on to Russia. The Party's influence in labor, which became tremendous during the middle forties, is gradually being broken through labor's own efforts. At the polls, where Buck has run unsuccessfully half a dozen times as a candidate for the House of Commons, the Ontario Legislature and various municipal offices, its vote-getting power is shrinking. Its dues-paying membership, the lowest in ten years, is about 5,000 below the all-time peak of 17,000. Today, as Buck well knows, there is an unsigned warrant for his arrest somewhere in the grey Department of Justice Building, and somewhere else in Ottawa there is a draft order - in - council declaring the LPP illegal. Any appreciable worsening in the relations between his adopted motherland and his spiritual fatherland will confront him once more with the choice of imprisonment or of flight.

The small, blue-eyed man accepts these unfriendly currents with the aplomb of a good anarchist who is sure that everything is turning out for the worst in the worst of possible worlds—and therefore, ultimately, for the best.

China's intervention in Korea proved, to him, a dialectical godsend, for it enabled him to vary the pro-Russian and anti-Canadian monotony of his speeches and public statements, which recently have been pro-Chinese and anti-Canadian. Within recent months he has described Canada as "an imperialist power," Canada's attempts to rearm as a plot by domestic warmongers in league with "Wall Street atom bomb maniacs," the United Nations' intervention in Korea as an act of "rape" and "brutal imperialism" and Prime Minister St. Laurent as the "voice of the discredited Truman-Acheson-MacArthur clique."

On Jan. 6, when he celebrated his 60th birthday, it was not necessary for him to consult the Party press in order to ascertain that in Korea, at Lake Success and elsewhere, Communism was on the march. His comrades on the national executive committee of the LPP ended their birthday greetings to him on that day with a note of jubilant prophecy:

"We greet you on this happy birthday, dear Comrade Tim, as a truly great Communist, great Canadian, great leader of our people in French and English-speaking Canada alike! We greet you at a moment when the springtime of humanity is at last in sight, when victory in the struggle for peace and liberty everywhere in the world is drawing near!" ★

NEXT ISSUE

## HOW THE COMMUNISTS CONTROL OUR ATOM WORKERS

By PIERRE BERTON

●

Canada's first heavy water plant for atomic research at Trail, B.C., is organized by a union run by the Communist Party for its own ends. Another union, the Steelworkers', the continent's most powerful labor group, has challenged the Red-dominated union. But the Communists have won out. Here, for the first time, is the story of what happened in the smoky little smelter town.

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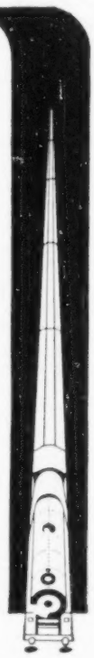

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

## Conscription!

*Continued from page 15*

inland route to bring the iron of Labrador to the steel mills of central U. S. If Congress agrees and the job is begun, it will call for thousands of men. If not, the men will be wanted elsewhere.

Munitionmaker C. D. Howe, for one, thinks it's a waste of time to "register" men under these circumstances. Decide first what you want done, he says, then decide what company you want to do it. The company will get the men, faster and better than any Government agency.

All this sounds very plausible, but it seems to add up to "Business as usual." Despite vigorous official denials, and recurrent assurances that "Business as usual won't do," there is very little that's *un*usual about Canadian business in the spring of 1951.

Are we really doing all we can and should be doing?

Britain has 800,000 men in arms, the United States 2½ millions. Canada has 64,000. On a basis of population, our forces are something between a quarter and a third of our allies. Why is Canada so different? What gives us the special privilege of doing less than other people?

There are answers to these questions, though personally I find them a bit lame. Here's what they tell you, however, in official circles:

Canada's most useful role is that of arsenal and granary. We don't need a big army at home—Canada may be attacked in a war with Russia, probably will be but not by large invasions of ground troops. The air-borne brigade group which until six months ago was our only "force in being" is still deemed adequate to repel the kind of parachute raid that Russia could launch on Canadian soil.

In this climate it's wasteful to keep more men in arms than you need. They need year-round housing, heavy clothing; they cost a lot of money, and they're doing nothing immediately useful.

All right, why keep them home? Why not send more of them to Europe?

Answer: For the cost of one Canadian soldier in Europe, we can clothe, feed and arm 15 European soldiers. Canada is already pretty close to full employment, is even bringing in workers from Europe to keep production rising. Some

European countries, on the other hand, have an unemployment problem—men to spare who lack only arms to be soldiers. Why send Canadians to replace them?

That argument sounds fine if you apply it to Europe alone, or to Britain which still has an empire to defend. Turn to the United States, though, and you find a situation exactly similar to our own. If it's smart to keep Canadians home, why not Americans too?

Even official spokesmen look a little uncomfortable when they deal with this question, but they have an answer for it too. The U. S. is different, they say, because American forces in Europe are essential to deter Russian aggression.

Russia wouldn't hesitate to attack Europe because of the presence there of a Canadian brigade, or two brigades, or two divisions. No matter how many men we station in Europe today, it won't alter Russian plans one jot. With American divisions it's another story. Russia is afraid of the United States and of nobody else. Therefore, as a pledge to our friends and a warning to our foes, Americans who might be better employed at home must nevertheless stand to their guns in Europe.

### Soon They'll Recruit Women

Canada, they argue, needn't go so far. As a pledge to our friends we shall have a substantial token there—one brigade group, to be relieved within 18 months by another. As for warning our foes, the most we could do would have no greater effect.

What about *helping* our friends? Why be content with a token?

The answer to that is the most chilling of all. If war really does come this summer, they say, nothing Canada could do now would make much difference—certainly nothing in the way of adding a few more troops to Western Europe's millions. They need

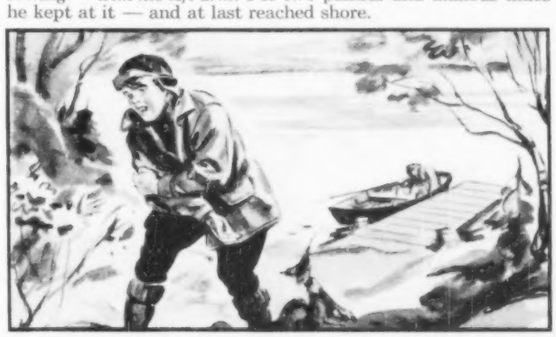
"Sure lucky I left BOTH windows open."


# WOUNDED BOY ROWS INJURED FATHER TWO MILES TO SHORE

**Leo Doucet, 13, of Richibucto, N.B., performs heroic feat after shotgun charge explodes; later has arm amputated**

**1. Albert Doucet and his** 13-year-old son Leo were about two miles from shore when something happened. While Leo was moving the shotgun, it went off! The blast smashed into the boy's right arm and many of the pellets entered his father's body.

**2. The man collapsed.** Leo, however, remained conscious although blood was flowing from his shattered arm. He began rowing — *with his left arm!* For two painful and anxious miles he kept at it — and at last reached shore.



**3. But even then Leo's job** was not done. He walked three-quarters of a mile before he could find someone to go to his father's assistance. Later that night the 13-year-old hero's right arm was amputated. The bravery and devotion of Leo Doucet stands as an example to all Canadians. We are proud to pay him tribute through the presentation of *The Dow Award.*

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arms even more than they need immediate reinforcements, but we haven't enough of either to tip the scale.

This terrible dilemma will recede with time. As the American contribution rises, so will the Canadian. Last year we had only a brigade group; now we have two. This year we shall have a third, and within two years a division and a half all told. These are the "planned requirements" that match our incoming supplies of munitions, weapons, clothing, everything it takes to make an army.

Meanwhile, they say, it's more important to have a bigger air force than a bigger army. For that we need more planes. Even now the RCAF is getting more volunteers for aircrew than it can handle. Ground crew is short, but there are ways of meeting that. Last month arrangements were made to have Trans-Canada Air Lines and Canadian Pacific Airways take over some maintenance work for the RCAF. Any day now the services will again be allowed to recruit women, who make better staff for radar stations and similar jobs; more men will then be available for training as mechanics.

That's what they say. To me, these arguments alone are not fully convincing. Obviously we could have a bigger force than we have now, and still have men and money left for defense industries.

However, there is still one vital point we haven't touched upon. That's the problem which, from 1939 to 1944, was big enough to frustrate compulsory service even in dire emergency—the political problem. The problem of national unity.

We could have a bigger defense effort and maybe we should have one. But we couldn't do very much more without conscription now—*conscription in peacetime*.

Even for countries with a long tradition of compulsory service, peacetime conscription is difficult. In the United States today one reason for the mass call-ups of reserve forces and National Guard divisions is the reluctance of Congress to enforce a really tough draft. The result is that veteran volunteers, men who have already served through one war and have families to keep, are being called back into service while young bachelors who have never donned a uniform get deferments from the regular draft.

Canada, far from having the American tradition, has an even longer one *against* conscription. It's a question that split the country wide open in one World War, created dreadful tension in the second. Even in wartime, conscription has been violently rejected by one third of the population of this country.

There is excellent reason to hope that this will no longer be true, if again we find ourselves at war. When Prime Minister St. Laurent finished that statement on conscription, quoted at the beginning of this article, a western M.P. turned to two French-speaking Liberals from Quebec who sit near him in the House.

"That's pretty strong stuff, isn't it?" the westerner asked.

The Quebecers nodded. "It's strong, but it's all right," they said. "We can take it."

### Lapointe Kept His Pledge

People have short memories. A good many Canadians may already have forgotten what a great change this represents. You have to go back to that September afternoon in 1939 when Parliament was debating the declaration of World War II.

Quebec's great leader Ernest Lapointe and all his Liberal colleagues had campaigned for years as opponents of war and conscription. For more than a year they'd been under fire at home as "warmongers," Mayor Camillien Houde of Montreal, later interned for counseling defiance of national registration, had made war the sole issue of a Montreal by-election in 1938. He nearly won it.

To stay in a war cabinet at all was a great concession for Lapointe, one that needed a lot of explaining. He agreed only on condition that "never,

"The money is scattered on the lawn and in the driveway, where you usually toss the paper!"

never, never" should Canadians be conscripted. He was their shield and defender against that horrid threat.

As he uttered his pledge Lapointe called on the other Quebec ministers to stand. There they were—P. J. A. Cardin, Fernand Rinfret, Chubby Power—solemnly plighted to resist conscription for all time and under all circumstances. (They kept the promise. Lapointe and Rinfret died before the issue arose, but Cardin resigned in 1942 when "conscription if necessary" became law, and Power resigned in 1944 when conscripts were sent overseas.)

Without those pledges Quebec ministers couldn't have served in a war Government. Canada would have gone to war sadly and perhaps mortally divided. When we talk of unpreparedness today, we can at least comfort ourselves with the thought that one vital element in preparedness—unity for all-out effort—seems to be attainable now as it never was before.

In Quebec City a week or two ago I talked to a former firebrand of the *Bloc Populaire*, a man who had been a bitter, violent isolationist all through World War II.

"There'll be no fight against conscription this time," he said. "The people are apathetic. They got accustomed to the idea under Mackenzie King, and now they tend to take it for granted. Also, it's a different enemy this time. Our people are far more anti-Communist than they ever were anti-Fascist."

The very men in Quebec who fought hardest against conscription, against "imperialist war," are also the men who were loudest in their denunciations of Communism — Premier Duplessis himself, for example. Actual war against Communism would place them in an odd dilemma. They could hardly

## CANADIANECDOTE

## Sweet Jenny at the Falls

FOR many years two wooden partitions marked, or marred, one of the imposing balconies of the old Clifton House, overlooking the Niagara River. Many delighted guests felt honored if given those rooms—the Jenny Lind Suite.

When the "sweetest singer of all time" was booked to perform in the Niagara Falls Opera House it seemed that every adult in Toronto, Hamilton and London who could raise the steep rail fare of $3 flooded into the border town to hear her.

On the afternoon of her performance she was rehearsing in the Clifton House with her accompanist. Her soaring tones thrilled the crowd, which patrolled the street outside hoping she would make a balcony appearance. When she did not appear a venturesome few crept up the outside stairway to the balcony and edged quietly along until they could see in her windows.

The Swedish Nightingale continued singing and more people crowded up to the balcony, till it began to groan and creak. Soon the star's room began to darken as dozens of faces pressed against her windows.

Jenny stopped abruptly, rang for the manager, who in turn summoned the law. The crowd dispersed quietly enough, but the manager, a thorough man, was not satisfied.

He got carpenters busy making two wooden partitions which, in an hour or so, were firmly nailed into place, blocking off Jenny's space on the balcony.

When the great star left to win other honors the mark she had made on the Clifton House remained to awe the tourists lucky enough to be allotted the Jenny Lind Suite.—Jessie E. Pattullo.

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**Benefits at New High**

The report reveals the strong position of the Company and the continuing expansion of its business and services. Total Sun Life insurance in force now amounts to $4,462,000,000, or $275 million (6.6%) more than a year ago. Group business now in force is $1,085,000,000, an increase of 13.8%. Over $98 million of new Group business was written in 1950 compared with $62 million in 1949. Payments to Sun Life policyholders in 1950 amounted to $121,476,000, a new high, bringing to $2,361,860,000 total benefits paid since the Company's first policy was issued in 1871.

Assets of the Sun Life increased during 1950 by $70 million, and now stand at $1,597,000,000, 73% of which is invested in government, municipal, public utility and industrial bonds. Mortgage loans, reflecting the trend in home building, showed an increase of $31 million for the year, bringing the total to $188 million, or 12% of assets. The rate of interest earned on the assets in 1950 was 3.61% as against 3.48% in 1949 and 3.30% in 1948.

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argue that we should do everything conceivable against Communism except to fight it.

This may partly account for a change in the attitude of Quebec's parish clergy. Another great influence for national unity, though, is the personality of Archbishop Roy of Quebec. Msgr. Roy was a wartime padre who is proud of it.

For all these reasons and more, Quebec politicians today are not afraid of conscription as once they were. They don't fool themselves by thinking the battle is won, but they think it *can* be won. For the first time reputable leaders of Quebec opinion are prepared to go out on the hustings and advocate, or defend, a policy of conscription for national safety.

But they do ask that the necessity, the emergency, be real and palpable. It will be no easy matter, they say, to convert the people of Quebec away from a prejudice so old and so deep.

It's noteworthy that this feeling is not confined to Liberals. Progressive Conservatives have not so much as mentioned the word "conscription" in Parliament so far. Some of them would like to, but when the matter was discussed in caucus George Drew said: "Let's not go off at half cock." In his own speech he avoided even asking a direct question about methods of recruiting.

Said one Conservative M.P., a veteran of World War I who has always believed in compulsory service: "We're afraid that if we ask for it now we may defeat the very cause we're trying to support."

### Willing to Wait for P.M.

There is, of course, no doubt that Progressive Conservatives and the CCF too would support a conscription law if the Government brought one in. They might attack it in detail, but not in principle. Thus there is reason to hope that at last, after two generations of bitterness and hatred, the issue may now be met without political rancor and party demagogy.

Talking to one cabinet minister, a conscriptionist in his own personal

"This little cupboard certainly holds a lot of clothes!"

views, I asked: "Would we get conscription if the three chiefs of staff all came to the Government, in advance of war, and said it was essential for our defense effort?"

"I don't know," he said. "Personally, of course, I'd be for it. But I don't think I'd resign on that issue."

At lunch not long ago two senior men in the defense department found themselves agreeing that we couldn't go on much longer without some form of compulsory service. Recruits were coming fast enough for now, but not fast enough for a year from now.

"All the same," said one, "I have enough confidence in St. Laurent's judgment, and in his integrity, that if he said we couldn't have it yet, I'd be inclined to go along with him."

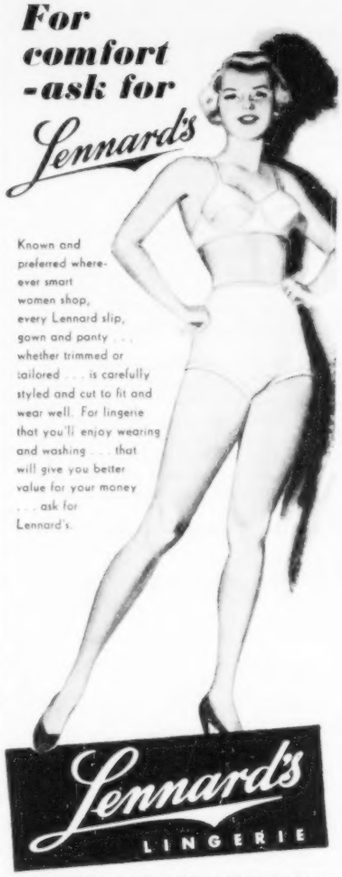
They found they agreed on that, too.


PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By — Rocket-Panda (Pages 4, 24), Gilbert A. Milne (7), Star (8, 9), Jack Dalgleish (16, 17), Public Archives of Canada (20, 21), NFB (22, 23), Peter Croydon (29).

"Aw, that's just for people; let's keep looking!"


*For comfort -ask for Lennard's*



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## Backstage at Ottawa

*Continued from page 5*

was somewhat different: "In the December 31 issue of La Patrie, Mr. St. Laurent is quoted as saying, 'no war; no conscription.' Yet on that very same afternoon of December 31, 1950, which will become a memorable date in the history of this country in view of the importance of this action, Mr. St. Laurent set out for London to meet the great leaders of the democratic world.

"Is not that unostentatious departure strikingly similar to that of the late Hon. Mackenzie King when he left (in 1937) for Germany? Nevertheless, dear listeners, some time later, in September 1939, notwithstanding the promises made at that time that there would be no war, we witnessed the outbreak of a world-wide cataclysm."

George Drew knew nothing of the Valade broadcast until he read indignant comments on it in the English-language Press. Neither did George Nowlan, president of the National Progressive Conservative Association. Both were furious, but the milk was spilt.

They did what they could to mop it up. Leon Balcer, the young war veteran who sits for Three Rivers, took the French net on the PC's next "Nation's Business" and struck a very different note. Also, the party tried to make sure it wouldn't speak with two voices again. "Nation's Business" was taken out of local hands. With the stable door thus locked, PCs hope they'll have no more horses stolen.

* * *

Liberals have had their own apprehensions about Quebec opinion in a different matter—the case of Count de Bernonville, wanted by the French Government for trial as a Nazi traitor.

De Bernonville came to Canada under a false name, using another man's passport, toward the end of the war. He made a lot of influential friends in Montreal; three years ago he deemed it safe to reveal his identity and apply for admission as a legal immigrant.

An immigration tribunal turned him down. He carried the case to the Superior Court, got the tribunal's ruling quashed (it had been improperly set up) and stayed on. Another tribunal heard the case, and again he was turned down. He appealed, as the law permits, to the Government itself.

That was just a year ago. By-elections were pending in Quebec. Weeks and months went by and still the Government seemed unable to make up its mind. This was particularly odd because friends of Walter Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, thought they knew his personal opinion—thumbs down on the count.

Actually, Harris and the rest of the Cabinet had one serious misgiving about the case (aside from the Quebec by-elections). De Bernonville had already been tried in absentia by a war tribunal in France, and sentenced to death. He was promised a new trial when he got back, but still by the same war tribunal. It did seem highly doubtful that a man could get a fair trial from a court which already had condemned him unheard.

Ottawa had no official information on the subject from France, but Harris had a hunch these special war tribunals would be abolished before long. He turned out to be right. France abolished the war tribunals last month; within a week De Bernonville's appeal was rejected.

As "political dynamite" the whole affair turned out to be a damp squib. In the first week after the deportation was announced Harris got exactly six representations on the subject from citizens. Four opposed the deportation, two applauded it.

* * *

Harris had another headache during the past year in the new Indian Act, but the pain wasn't too severe. A lot of work has been done to improve the draft act introduced a year ago, and hotly criticized at the time. It may be doubted, though, whether the critics had much direct influence on the bill.

All year a steady trickle of letters came to the Minister's office, all complaining about this iniquitous Indian Act. Most of them made the same charge: "You're violating the Indians' treaty rights."

Harris devised a reply which became practically a form letter. He thanked the critic earnestly for the helpful advice, particularly the advice about treaty rights. The Government wanted above all things to avoid violation of treaties. Would the critic be so kind and good as to write back at once, return mail if possible, and explain just which treaties had been violated by which sections of the bill?

Barring one long screed from a professional Indian agitator, Harris didn't get a single answer. ★

**In The Next Issue**

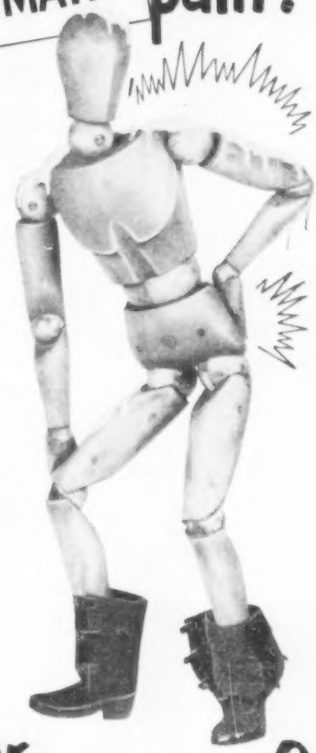
# I AM A DIABETIC

**By Eleanor Burrell**

**Read of the strange and sometimes terrifying existence of those around you who live under the shadow of this disease. Here is the first-person story of an attractive young woman who conquered fear inside her and misunderstanding around her to fashion a normal life for herself.**

**In Maclean's, April 1 On Sale March 28**


# Cold weather RHEUMATIC pain?



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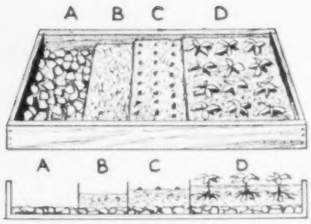
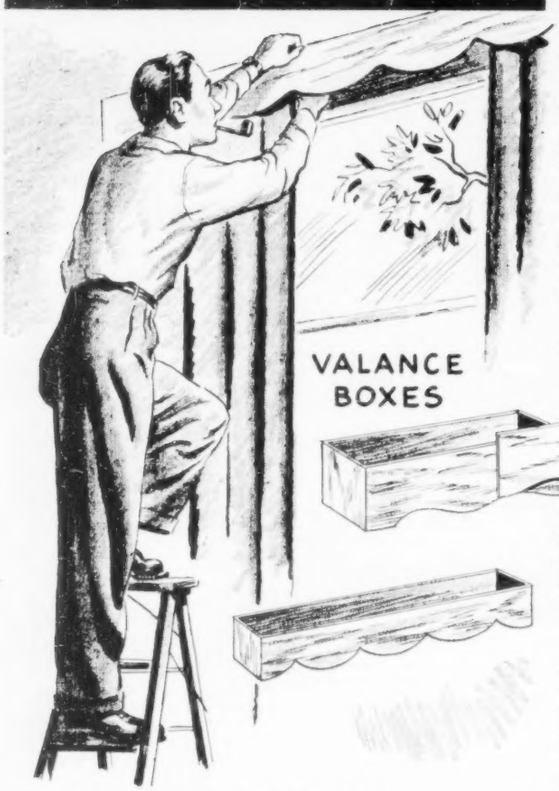
# AROUND THE HOME

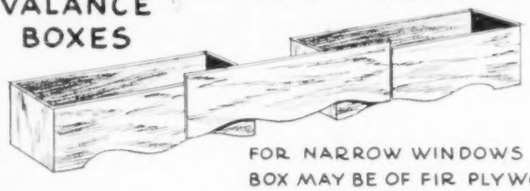



## SEED FLAT

FISH BOX...
(A) FIRST PLACE GOOD DRAINAGE MATERIAL AT BOTTOM.
(B) SOIL OF COARSE SAND, LOAM AND WELL-ROTTED HUMUS. FILL BOX AND FIRM LIGHTLY.
(C) SEEDS PLANTED WITH CARE—ABOUT 2" APART — WITH ONLY A LIGHT COVERING.
(D) LITTLE SEEDLINGS THINNED OUT TO PERMIT BETTER GROWTH. WATER IN THE MORNING; SHADE DURING HEAT OF THE DAY.
TRANSPLANT AFTER TWO SETS OF LEAVES HAVE FORMED.



## VALANCE BOXES

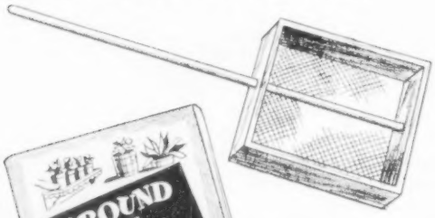


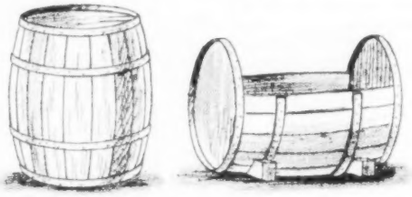


FOR NARROW WINDOWS — BOX MAY BE OF FIR PLYWOOD, WITH COAT OF VARNISH.
FOR PICTURE OR BAY WINDOW—2 BOXES MAY BE MADE, WITH AN EXTENSION CENTRE.
MAY BE ENAMELLED, PAINTED, VARNISHED OR COVERED WITH SAME MATERIAL AS DRAPES.
FOR SMALL WINDOWS, BOX ABOUT 4" OR 5" DEEP.

## ASH OR SOIL SIFTER

TAKE ABOUT 1/4 OF A BUTTER BOX. REMOVE BOTTOM. BORE HOLES FOR BROOM HANDLE. TACK ON FINE CHICKEN NETTING. TRIM WITH STRIPS OF WOOD TO COVER EDGES OF NETTING.

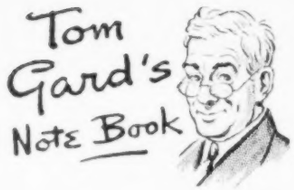




## WOOD BOX FOR THE COTTAGE

REMOVE A FEW STAVES FROM ONE SIDE. BIND REMAINING STAVES IN PLACE WITH METAL HOOPS. PAINT TO HARMONIZE WITH COLOR SCHEME OF ROOM. TACK TWO BLOCKS ON EACH SIDE TO PREVENT ROCKING.

*There are many other interesting little ideas like these in the booklet "AROUND THE HOME". Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 190, Adelaide St. Station, TORONTO.*




It is with sincere pleasure that I return for a second series of these informal chats. It is still my purpose to share with you practical ideas that can be used to improve your garden and your home — all tried in my workshop or gleaned from my jaunts across the province. Your comments on the suggestions given or requests for more details on any of the items described will be welcomed.

### *Valance Boxes*

One of my New Year's resolutions that has just been fulfilled is completing valance boxes for our living room and dining room. The job has been hanging fire for several months and it was my 12-year-old boy who finally shamed me into doing it. I'm still not certain that his mother hadn't put him up to it, but he came home from the school shop with a miniature box, complete to scale and trim! They weren't too difficult once started and did add a great deal to the appearance of the rooms. I chose dressed inch lumber as the rooms and windows are quite large and could stand the "heaviness" of this material. If your eye must watch the purse strings, use packing box material or cheap lumber and cover it with tag ends of the drapes.

### *Spring Is Almost Here*

One other task that has been completed just in time to get under the wire is an ash sifter from the bottom section of a butter box. I had seen one over a year ago and always intended making one but didn't get around to it. Oh well, this is the season when it is of most use now that the coal furnace always seems to be getting away from me or is on its way out.

It is also time for seed flats and seed planting. I hope you are not one of those who always gets their seeds planted too early — unless, of course, you have a cold frame for the first transplanting. Follow the instructions given with the diagram for filling the flat and planting the seeds. Place the flats where they will get plenty of sunlight for sturdy plants.

You will find the wood-box idea a practical one for the cottage. The barrel has been rounded up but the project is still not completed. I'll soon be forced into it as the cottage season will be here before we know it.

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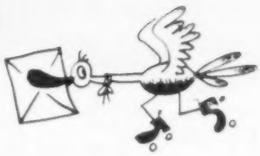
# MAILBAG



## Some Men Have Too Many Women

This is a word of appreciation for "I Live With Six Women" (Feb. 1) by one who came within one of being in the same situation as the author. Good storytelling. The author, frustrated in his frantic efforts to raise sons and mellowed by years, has developed a fine sardonic sense of humor and a vocabulary that would make the Sphinx scream for the Tangel—all of which he has ingeniously concealed in the description he has given us of himself as a gentle and slightly bemused father of daughters—R. L. Merritt, Grimsby, Ont.

● I can't see what brother Greer is complaining about. For several years I was under the care of four maiden aunts and a grandmother. I duly

married a pretty lass and in the fullness of time she presented me with a bouncing baby girl—and we've been in the same rut for three more. There's Joanie, Barbara, Lorna and Nancy, and they've been around long enough now so I've given up thoughts of electric trains, boxing gloves and fishing companions.

We're to be blessed with another in May. So I've taken a new interest in trains and pugilistic paraphernalia. But it's just a passing thought.

We live close to my in-laws and that branch has one lone male. There are assorted mothers, aunts, grandmothers and other female in-laws till you can't see the pants for the swirl of skirts. —Mason Rutherford, Prince Albert, Sask.

● As a father of only two girls and no sons, I enjoyed it very much. I have had many of his experiences, but I haven't his courage to try for a son. His experience frightens me.—B. S. H., Toronto.

### Inside Barbara Ann

Eva-Lis Wuorio gave us a real inside story on Barbara Ann Scott (Jan. 15). I also enjoyed Robert Thomas Allen's account of the Small mystery. Blair Fraser, Richard Lawrence, McKenzie Porter—in fact all of your write-up men were really terrific.—Robert E. Noble, Bowmanville, Ont.

● Your Eva-Lis Wuorio is more sympathetic toward Barbara Ann Scott than local "society." At a community concert this winter Barbara Ann made an impressive entrance . . . I was sitting near a fairly prominent local woman who, upon noting her husband's craned neck and comment upon Barbara Ann's arrival, asked sweetly, "What color is her hair tonight, dear?" Miss Scott was not disturbed by autograph books at all either.—Frank Patrick, Brockville, Ont.

● So many otherwise interesting accounts of different people in Maclean's are often marred by a tabulation of their various cars, yachts, fur coats and dollars, or, as in the case of Kate Aitken, 19 secretaries and 25 hats. So it was refreshing indeed to read of the entirely unsophisticated Barbara Ann Scott and her simple sensible outlook with her hard-earned savings being placed into something worth while. Most famous people camouflage loneliness. She doesn't.—M. Crisford, Victoria.

### Brickbats and Bouquets Dept.

I note you still call Mac'ean's "Canada's National Magazine." That Feb. 1 issue should be "Toronto's National Magazine."

What do we get? 1. The old, creaking I.O.F., a Toronto landmark; 2. Turk Broda, another Toronto hasbeen; 3. The Sick Children's Hospital, a Toronto institution; 4. Clif Greer—Who is he?

Then, for diversion, a dry article on cats, a technical feature about Quebec power, and a sleep producer about Nehru. Beverley Baxter's usually interesting article was just a bread-and-butter fill-in, so much a word.

There you have it. One complete issue. I read it all in 10 minutes. —Harry Walker, Hamilton, Ont.

● I wish to commend you for the excellence you have attained in building a truly great Canadian magazine. In publishing the articles by Blair Fraser you have performed a valuable public service, in view of the fact that most of what we get is twisted to suit the American war party.—H. H. King, Vancouver.

● Feb. 1 issue is one of the best if not THE BEST you ever put out. Conger's

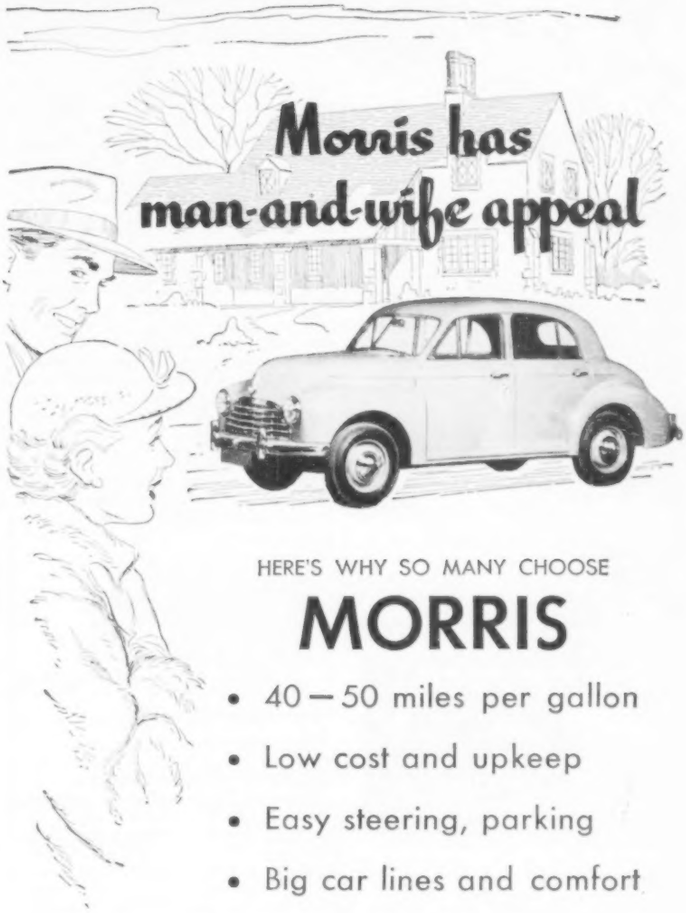
story ("A Hat for Billy Jim") outstanding—would add luster to any magazine. Articles prime, especially "The Hospital Prayer Built" and "Rocky."—Mary Elizabeth Colman, Vancouver.

● I cannot say enough to praise your magazine. — Mrs. Marion McCabe, Timmins, Ont.

● A magazine of which Canadians can be very proud.—V. Morris, Merrickville, Ont.

### Any Barks for Barker?

I would like to congratulate you on printing Richard Lawrence's very fair article, "What's a Home Without a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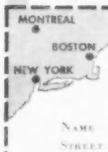


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Cat?" (Feb. 1). It will no doubt provoke a lot of snarls from the dog-lovers' kennels—but dog-lovers are so prejudiced! — R. Barker, Peachland, B.C.

● Lawrence stated there is no authentic case on record of a cat smothering a baby. So I will tell you our experience:

One night when our youngest child was three months old I heard an unusual cry and thought I'd better get up. She was all tucked in as I had left her. So I pulled the covers down and there was a big cat round her neck. Obviously if I hadn't got up, she would not have been alive in the morning. The cat had got in through an open window.

A second case was of a neighbor of ours who lost a six-month-old child smothered by a cat while he was asleep one afternoon while his parents were entertaining guests in the next room. —Mrs. C. C. Feenie, Gray Creek, B.C.

### The Right Emphasis

Congratulations on the cover of your Jan. 1 issue, "Watchnight Service." It is to many the right emphasis in these days of fear:

No Sunday means no church
No church means no worship
No worship means no religion
No religion means no morals
No morals means no society
No society means no government
No government means anarchy
—B. E. Matthews, Gould, Que.

### Take a Curtain Call, CBC!

I get around to reading my Maclean's sooner or later, have seen no letter boosting the CBC, so here goes.

Okay, so I'm a farmer. I still say there's little to complain about in regard to the CBC. There's one thing, one doesn't have to listen to an overload of advertising every 15 minutes. Canadian talent is every bit as good as American too.—T. G. Rhoades, North Star, Alta.

● One letter me see your book say only farmer, opera fan or Eskimo listen CBC. Me Eskimo. Before CBC come no write any. Just say "ugh." Suppose listen other radio station still say "ugh."—Walt Gerane, Vanando, B.C.

### What's Wheat? What's Chaff?

If you conduct a story contest another year I would earnestly suggest you choose different judges from those of the recent contest. In announcing the contest there was no request to work in a murder, or even profanity as in one story.

I am 79. When we are so near the end of this brief journey we get a clear perspective of what is wheat and what is chaff, and of what the world needs. We need in 1951, as never before, stories with a lift. Not what the careless call "goody goody," but bright stories with an upward slant, "leaving a good taste in the mouth."—Mrs. Mary C. McLellan, Medicine Hat, Alta.

● Would you be kind enough to tell me (re: "Black 6 on Red 7," Jan. 15) if Norman and the lady of the story were supposed to be married? On what planet such people lived? And why they both are not in some insane asylum?—Alf. Rawlins, White Rock, B.C.

*No marriage, no women. Both marooned characters were male.*

● Does a black six on a red seven mean anything, or am I the only reader who knows nothing of cards? Is it possible that there are nearly 2,000 would-be writers in Canada who write worse tripe than the three winning stories in your recent contest?—Mrs. Melvin Johnson, Hamilton, Ont.

● I wonder if many of the short-story contestants have written to tell you how much they enjoyed working on their entries and how much benefit they gained from the practice? From the writer's point of view this was an absolutely inspired contest. As a "finished work of fiction" I would award the palm to Vera Johnston's "Black 6 on Red 7."—Esther Douglas, Toronto.

### Not Only Dollars and Cents

I wish to congratulate you on the fine editorial "In Defense of an Uncle" (Feb. 1). After hearing all the rot on the radio and reading more of it in some of our biggest newspapers it makes me feel good to know that there are some people in Canada who do not think merely of dollars and cents. —Mitchell L. Pollington, Toronto.

● Look, Mac—in two other wars other people got cracking on a minute's notice and held the line for a year, two years, while "Uncle" was sitting pretty in something called "splendid isolation."

"We'll sell you the guns, you fire 'em"—that, Mac, is how "Uncle" suddenly found himself on top of the heap.—Wm. Jones, Toronto.

● The "Best Editorial of the Year" award has already been won by yours of Jan. 15 ("Let's Stop the Fourth World War Too"). I admire your discernment, your humanity and your courage.—H. R. Evans, Hazelton, B.C.

### A Psychiatrist Quits

As a child psychiatrist I have read Sidney Katz' series, "It's a Tough Time to be a Kid" (Dec. 15, Jan. 1 and 15), with perhaps more than the usual interest and would like to congratulate all concerned. You may be interested in some comments from the inside of this problem.

I am quitting. Why? Because I do not care to associate myself any longer with governmental apathy over preventive psychiatry—which is what my job really is. What can I do for an emotionally disturbed child heading for delinquency or mental illness? I cannot treat them myself for, in spite of repeated requests, I have no trained staff, no equipment, no suitable place. Nor is there anywhere I can send them. Yet there is a real need for these facilities and, in time, they would pay off if we had them.

In 1949 the Federal Government made available to the provinces a large sum for mental hygiene as an annual grant. Where is it being spent? Perhaps where it will buy votes, but, here at least, not on preventing preventable mental illness by helping tomorrow's adults to make happy adjustments to life. For two years I have asked for the tools with which to do this work and received only promises that are not kept, evasions, apathy, smoke screens and other versions of the run-around.

I am going to the U. S. Not because I want to leave my country . . . but because I cannot live with myself as long as I am a party to such inadequacy. Better leave a job like this undone than half done. Across the border the value of preventive psychiatry is more generally realized and encouraged and is tackled vigorously and realistically. Most of Canada can only be regarded, by comparison, as "unimproved territory."—"Laius," Brandon, Man. ★

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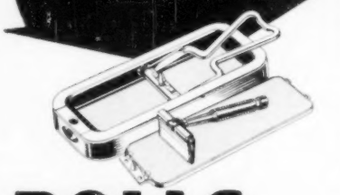

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# WIT AND WISDOM

**Traffic Snarl**—If all the automobiles in Canada were placed end to end it would be Sunday afternoon. —*Calgary Albertan.*

**A Hit at the Jackpot**—A cynic as defined by one writer is a man who thinks it is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won. —*Galt Reporter.*

**They'll Take What You Leave**—The money in mustard, it has been said, is what is left on the plate. Churches are similarly financed.—*Prince Albert Herald.*

**Speech Impediment**—Have you ever stopped to think what a wonderful thing the human brain is? It never ceases working for you from the time you are born until the moment you stand up to make a speech.—*Niagara Falls Review.*

**Gobble - de - gook** — American troops are rebuked for calling their Korean enemies "gooks." They are impartial, at least; don't they call their own sailors "gobs"? And their Marines "leathernecks"? And their officers "bottlenecks"?—*Peterborough Examiner.*

**Anatomy of Love**—A man falls in love through his eyes, a woman through her imagination, and they both speak of it as an affair of the heart. —*Galt Reporter.*

**Well, no** — Little George came home in a sad state. He had a black eye, many scratches and his clothes were a sight. His mother was horrified and, with tears in her eyes, said rebukingly:

"Oh, George! George! How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Brown boy?"

"Play!" answered little George, looking at his mother in deep disgust. "Do I look as if I've been playing with somebody?" — *Owen Sound Sun Times.*

**Union Wage** — A home owner, wearing his oldest clothes, was out cleaning off his lawn when a woman in a brand-new car stopped and hollered at him:

"What do you get for doing yard work?"

The owner looked back at his house and then at the woman.

"The lady of the house lets me live with her," he said.—*Drumheller Mail.*

**Blame Him?**—A boy fresh from school was given a job interview by a businessman. After testing his knowledge in various directions, the interviewer rapped out: "The first essential in business is a large fund of general knowledge. Tell me, my boy, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?"

Without a second's hesitation the boy answered: "Louis XV, sir." —*Niagara Falls Review.*

**JASPER** **By Simpkins**

"I don't care where you found him — you can't keep him."

No, Joe isn't fooling. This is truly the beginning of a long and happy life together.

You see Joe is an executive, and while he hasn't had his name on the door long, he's had enough experience to realize that outsiders (and even the people he works with) will judge his department by their biggest contact with it . . . his correspondence. Joe knows that there's a picture of him in every letter he writes, and, being an ambitious man, he wants that picture to leave a lasting impression of neatness, efficiency and ability.

Talking it over with the other department heads, Joe learned that typists are happiest and do their best work when they use the same make of typewriter that they had at school . . . hence the new Underwood*.

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* More Underwood typewriters are used in business schools than any other make.

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It was the first visit to Winnipeg for two small boys from Northern Manitoba and their biggest thrill was riding in department-store elevators. While their parents shopped the youngsters rode from ground floor to top then down again.

After several trips the operator became aware of her persistent young passengers. Coming to the ground floor once more, she announced firmly: "Ground floor. All out, please." The boys stayed rooted at the rear of the car. She eyed them for a moment and tried again: "Winnipeg—end of the line!" The youngsters bolted.

• • •

A streetcar rider in Toronto warns us against exchanging bitter repartee with conductors in that city about the service. He says he blushed for

an irate, confident young man who got on a streetcar recently, pushed his way up to the conductor and said loudly: "I've been waiting 15 minutes in the cold for this car and then five come along, one right behind the other. What are you trying to do? Travel in convoys for protection?"

"That's right, son," the conductor replied cheerfully. "And, would you believe it, we haven't lost a streetcar yet."

• • •

Old George, who farms near Cobourg, Ont., is a practical man and steadfastly cynical about the beauties of the community in which he lived most of his life. Last summer a relative from Toronto visited him for a week end and George constantly rebuffed his exclamations about the fine land, sturdy stock and lush growth.

When his kin was ready to leave on Sunday, George drove him to the station. They passed a newly painted farmhouse surrounded by a trim lawn. The visitor said it was a fine example of rural artistry.

"Too bad to waste that grass," George grunted. "My Jersey would milk better if she could pasture on that lawn."

Farther on the visitor pointed to a large stand of trees skirting another farm and remarked how it added to the appearance of the farm.

"A lot of good stove wood in them trees," George replied.

Church bells were ringing when they entered the town and George's passenger prodded him once more. "Did you ever hear anything so much in tune with the quiet and beauty of the countryside?" he said.

George drove for several blocks in silence and then turned to his visitor. "What was that you said back there?" he asked. "Couldn't hear a thing for them damn bells."

• • •

The counselor of a summer camp near Toronto held a reunion recently and the boys all turned up neatly scrubbed, brushed and shining in their city clothes. The polish soon wore off in horseplay and games and before dinner the counselor reminded them of camp procedure and sent them to the washroom with the usual stern advice about washing hands and combing hair.

One small boy, among the last to return, passed inspection on hands but his hair was in violent disarray and the counselor gently pointed out this omission.

"I'm sure I combed it," the boy insisted. Then, pausing reflectively, he added: "But there were so many heads in the mirror maybe I combed the wrong one."

• • •

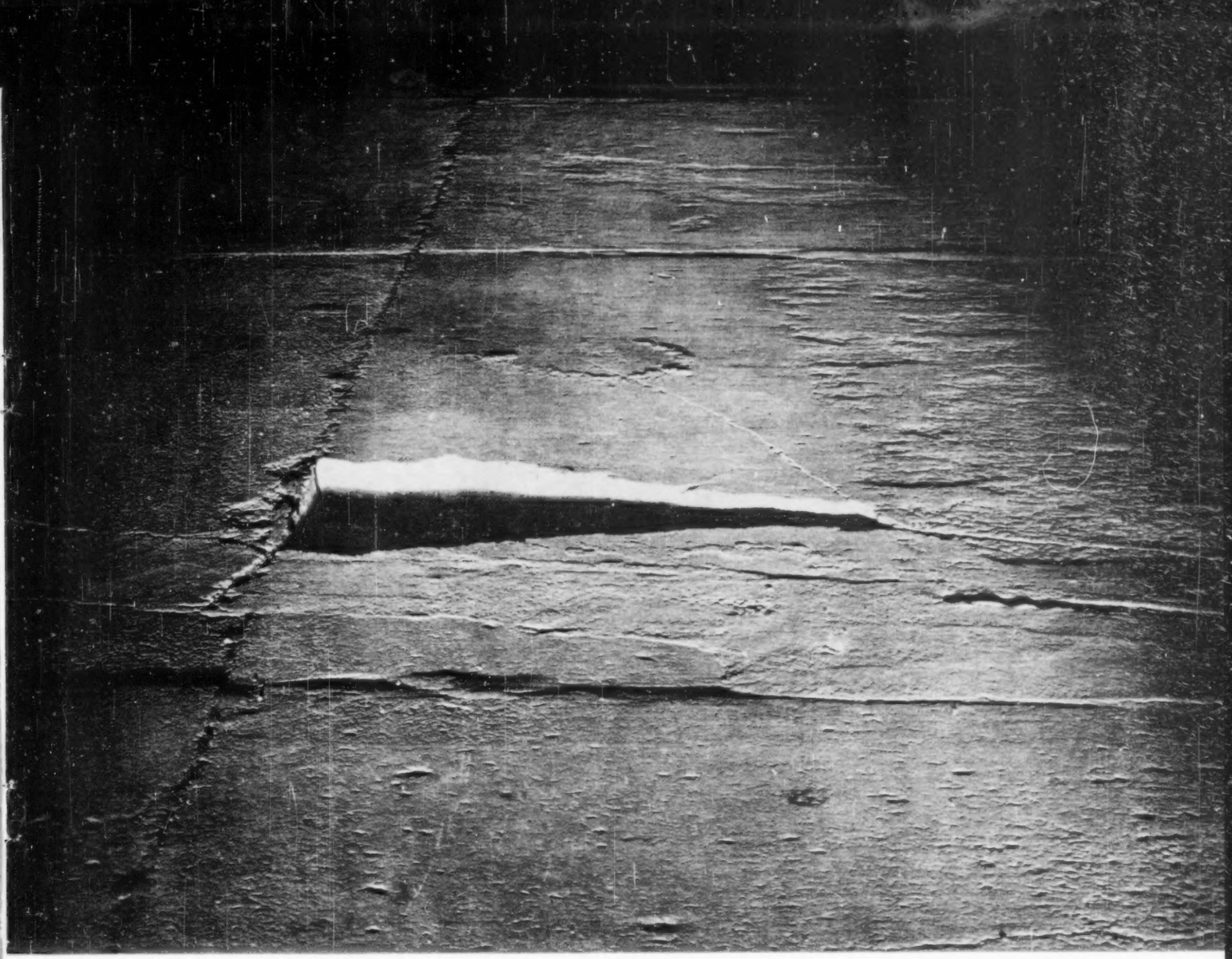
A society matron in Calgary advertised recently for a cook and she received dozens of applications for

the job. She decided in favor of a woman in a small Alberta town and wrote advising her to report for work.

A few days later she received a letter back.

"Dear Madam," it said. "Sorry to have to turn down your offer but handwriting analysis is my hobby and after examining yours I have to say you'll never amount to much and you and me would never hit it off. Yours truly . . ."

*Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*



# Death trap

You're on top of it before you know it. Too late, your headlights pick up that break in the road. You cling to the wheel and hope for the best, which may be a broken spring or a blowout. The *worst* may mean your car lurching out of control . . . a crash . . . ambulance sirens.

The number of Canadians annually killed or injured in motor vehicle accidents makes a casualty list comparable to those of war.

On hundreds of miles of old highway, chuckholes not only exist but grow worse year by year. A frost crack or a weak spot in the subsurface may be the start. The pounding of heavy vehicles widens and deepens the break. Good maintenance locates such places *before* they become death traps.

Highways in bad repair are a twofold menace. They threaten not only your own safety but the security of the Dominion. A country is no healthier than its arteries of traffic. And today, when Canada needs to be at full strength for defense and production, the improvement of present roads and the building of new ones are vital matters.

If you agree that safe roads are worth every cent they cost and more, work for better highways in your community.

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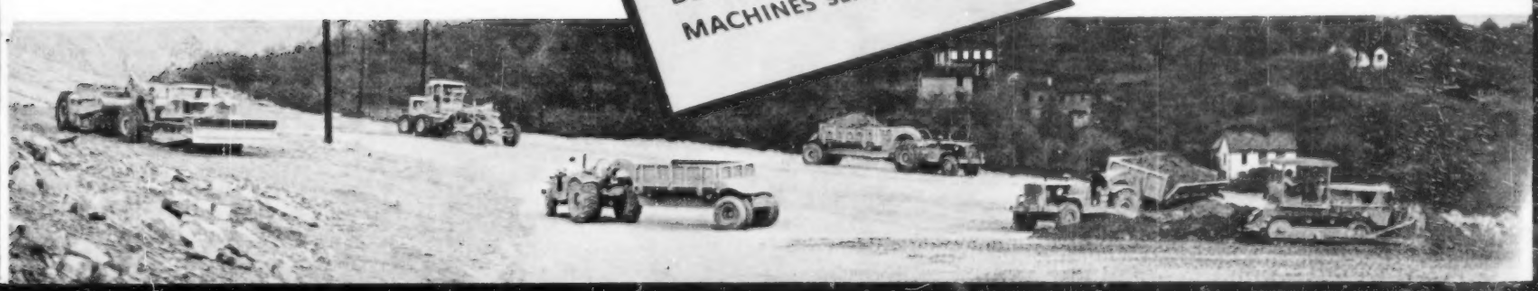
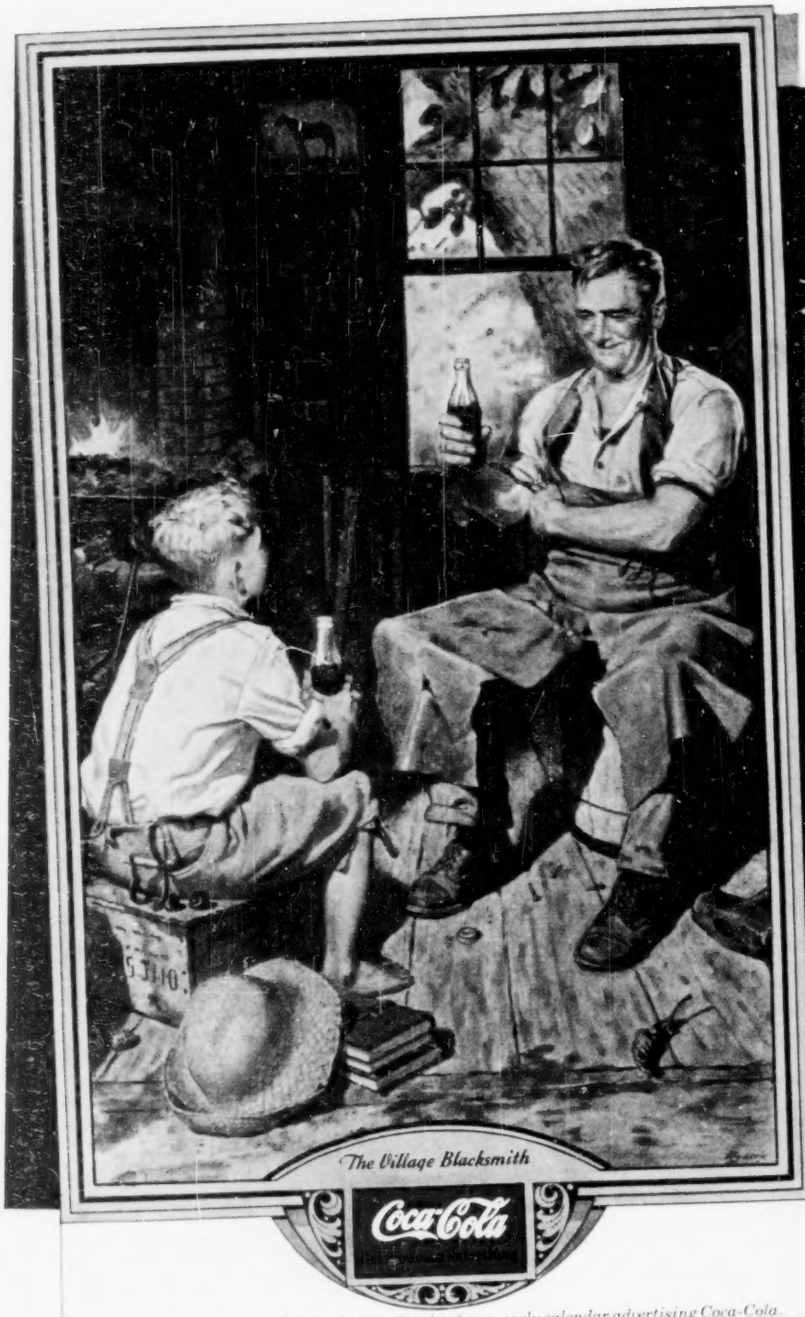
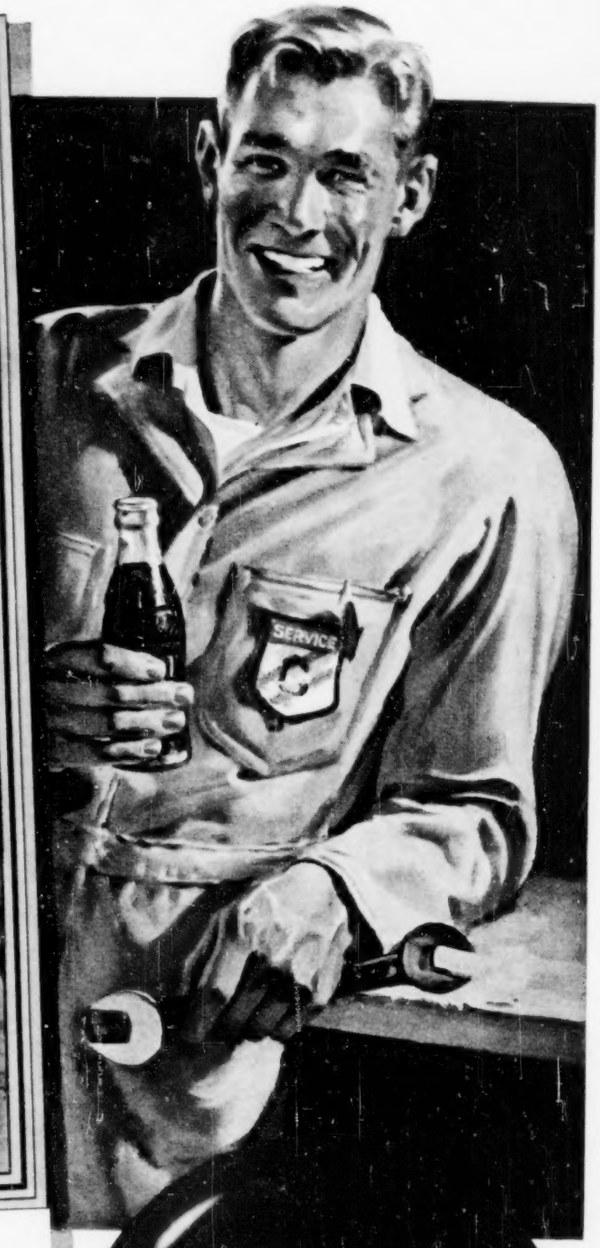


# Refreshment through the years




Reproduction of a painting by Frederic Stanley for an early calendar advertising Coca-Cola.

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